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ENGLISH REVIEW

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FEBRUARY, 1925

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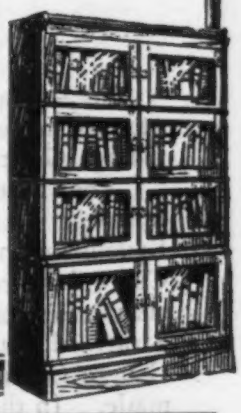

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1925.

Correspondence

The Shakespeare Problem

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—May I trespass upon your space in order to reply to the attacks made upon me, in the January and November issues, by Sir George Greenwood, Lord Sydenham, and Mr. Crouch Batchelor?

They have pointed out certain errors, which I regret; but nothing I said can equal the astounding statement of Lord Sydenham and Mr. Batchelor (which any atlas will disprove) that "the Cotswolds are at least forty miles from Stratford." As the range is sixty miles long, it is true that parts of it are forty or more miles from Stratford; but the nearest parts are within six. Nor have I, like Sir George Greenwood, attributed to my adversaries statements they never made. In the course of his lecture to me on the subject of accuracy—rashly introduced with the text "Physician, heal thyself!"—Sir George refers to some statements in an article in *The Quarterly Review* for October, 1922 [*sic*], which he attributes to me. Had he verified his facts he would have discovered that this article appeared (in October, 1921 over the signature "C. R. Haines," which is not mine. Really—to adapt his own phrase—Sir George Greenwood complaining of inaccuracy seems somewhat to resemble the Gracchi complaining of sedition!

Besides these and other misstatements, my arguments have been skilfully distorted for the purpose of controversy; for example, Sir George proves that the mistake "Delphos" was habitual even among scholars—but the mistake I quoted was "the island of Delphos," and the tacit suppression of the noun obviously alters the question; did Milton and Addison think Delphi stood on an island?

It is, I think, unfair to say that I have produced "no shred of valid evidence" of Shakespeare's authorship. To my mind, the statements of the Folio Editors constitute the best possible evidence, and this is only met by the assertion that Jonson really wrote the Prefaces, and in doing so went out of his way to lie. No evidence is (or, in my view, can be) adduced in support of this assertion; it is stated, with truth, that he was a better man for the job than the editors, but this is hardly sufficient proof that he undertook it, nor is it conceivable that the men who edited the plays (a very difficult business) were incapable of writing two short prefaces. Sir George Greenwood, in discussing

Jonson, unluckily forgot the phrase, " Would he had blotted a thousand ! " which conflicts rather seriously with his remark that " the idea of anyone taking it upon himself to stop Shakespeare, the *dramatist*, in the course of his *writing*, is manifestly absurd." I think this slip rather injures his whole argument about Jonson.

I pass over several other points for reasons of space, and will welcome any opportunity to refute these also.

I observe with interest that three of my main points have been entirely ignored. I pointed out—and no one seems to dispute this—that Bacon's " actions, as imagined by Baconians, are not those of a man anxious to divulge the secret, . . . nor of a man anxious to keep it. . . . In fact, they are the actions of an idiot." I asked why he should so often have collaborated with lesser men; but nobody seems to know. I showed that none of the conceivable motives—fame, money, self-expression, altruism—could explain his imagined actions; this, again, passes unchallenged. Supposing that no man acts without a motive, I described this point as " vital," and in view of this it would perhaps have been merely courteous to take some notice of it. I can only suppose, therefore, that there are very powerful motives for the silence of my adversaries on these three points, with which I again challenge the foundations of their position.

I am, etc.,
C. M. HAINES.

Are the Irish an Inferior Nation ?

[*We are pledged, within reasonable limits, to give both sides a hearing, and with the publication of the two following letters on this subject we shall regard those limits as having been reached. Both letters show equally that exuberance of national spirit, so characteristic of the Irish race, and the want of balance which, more than any other failing, will prevent the realisation of grandiose claims to national independence. It is doubtful whether any of the more or less distinguished Irishmen cited by Mr. Coyle sprang from the aboriginal race whose qualities alone were in question.*—ED., E.R.]

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In reply to the letter of " Patricius " in your December issue, may I say that we Irish invite and appreciate criticism when it is delivered in the true spirit of justice? But when one who anonymously reviles the land that had the misfortune to be his birthplace, then " Rise we and discountenance our detractors."

" Patricius " says that Ireland is intellectually, politically, and commercially inferior to every other country under the sun; that she has no national language, no real identity. The two latter charges are too preposterous to be dealt with. As to the former, Ireland is one of the few countries that can boast of a popular and progressive Government. Yet " Patricius " says that Ireland's present Government is inferior to that of England. Inferior to a Government which is so reactionary that its action in the recent Egyptian crisis is creating grave Continental friction; which is so open to " fair play " and inquiry

into its " ways and means " that it will not permit of a Government inquiry into the authenticity of the Zinovieff Letter!

Take Ireland intellectually. Has " Patricius " ever heard of Mr. Yeats, the winner of the Nobel Prize the year that Kipling and Hardy, two of England's intellectual kings, were his opponents for the Blue Riband of the Intellectual World? Surely he has heard of Sir John Lavery, or, mayhap, he thinks Lavery is the man who created " Felix."

Do the names of Shaw, St. John Ervine, Lennox Robinson, James Stephens, Stephen Gwynn, and George Moore mean nothing to him? And if he has heard of them, how can he call Ireland an intellectual bankrupt? How, but through colossal ignorance of facts.

Again, he says that as Militarists we failed. Then Sarsfield and Hugh O'Neill are but names to him, and also the fields of Benburb and the Yellow Ford. But let me assure him that many a Dutch mercenary of that time rued the day he fought Sarsfield. Also he cannot have heard of the war of 1919-22. For his enlightenment I will add that it was betwixt Ireland and England, and that England lost. Has he never heard of Beatty, De Roebeck, or the Duke of Wellington?

No, no, " Patricius," your sophistry may deceive " John Bull," but your casuistry is a failure when viewed by the light of facts and common sense. And why contradict yourself after emptying the gutter for your mud-throwing by stating that " My countrymen have done nothing discreditable (as a nation, I mean)? " Why, but that one ever gets confused in trying to prove that black is white.

As to my statement *re* Henry II., " Patricius " will find ample truth as to its correctness in Miss A. Stopford Green's monograph, " Irish Nationality."

Sir, once before I appealed to your sense of " fair play," and you stood by your code gallantly. I do so again and hope you will publish this reply.

I am, etc., E. C. F. COYLE.

" Glenburn," Castle Ave, Clontarf, Dublin.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent " Patricius " insists that " commercially, politically, and intellectually the Ireland of to-day is not a patch on the smallest nation in Europe." He does not, perhaps, realise what a tribute he is paying to English statesmanship.

Ireland, a fertile country with enviable natural resources, with a people whose activity and intelligence brings them to the front in every country but their own, has been reduced in a few centuries to isolation, poverty, and impotence. Some of the most illustrious personalities in English history—Queen Elizabeth, Spenser the poet, Raleigh the venturer, Cromwell the champion of liberty, Pitt, Castlereagh, Sir Henry Wilson, Sir Nevil Macready—a thousand more—have employed all the vigour, resource, and persistency of which the English character is capable to achieve this result, and they have not entirely failed. The ravaging of Munster, the Plantation of Ulster, the Treaty of Limerick

and the Penal Laws, the manipulation of the Great Famine, the evictions and coffin-ships, the Black-and-Tan Campaign and its triumph in the imposed "Treaty," partitioning Ireland, of 1921—all these brilliant and costly measures have contributed to a notable result: a dangerous rival is subdued.

The contrast in character between the two nations is the main factor. As "Patricius" states, "that England has subjugated and annexed nations and territories is indisputable." "She has certainly more to be proud of than Ireland," he concludes.

This, in a sense, is profoundly true. The qualities that have made England great are very ably presented in Mr. Galsworthy's *Old English*, whose daring and tenacity, acquisitiveness and cunning make him master of every situation in which he is found, and win him the admiration even of those whom he plunders and defrauds. It is these qualities, exercised on a grand scale, that have spread terror, forced subjection, and imposed "treaties" over vast tracts of the globe. In these qualities, or, rather, in this application of them, the Irish are inferior indeed. They have claimed no country but their own.

Inferior, and proud of it, perhaps?

I am, etc.,
DOROTHY MACARDLE.

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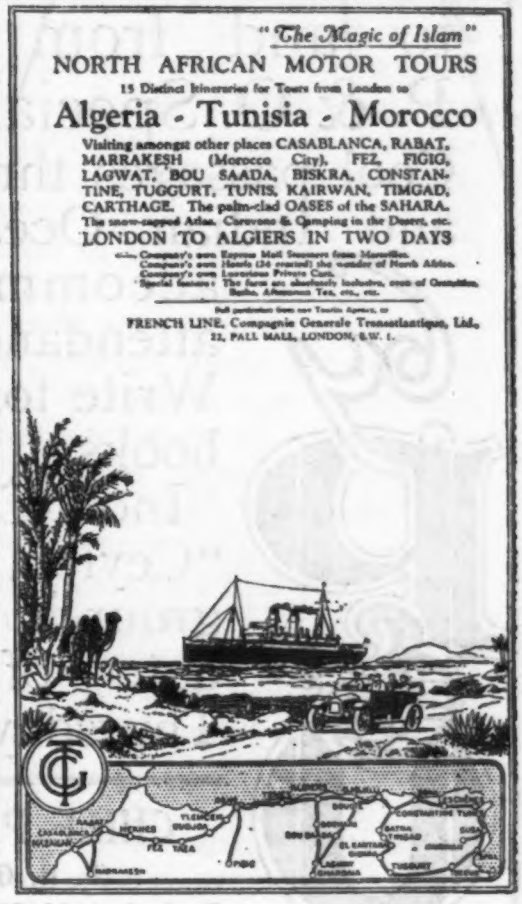
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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

A National Policy for National Education

When, in future time, historians take survey of the present day, and perhaps seek to probe the causes of the downfall of existing civilisation, one of the observations which they may most naturally make, in reference to England, is that the immense system of Socialist and Bolshevist propaganda met with no antidote in national education. National education is the most effective and the most far-reaching instrument for influencing the minds and the characters of the people of this country which authority can hope to wield. If it were employed consistently and efficiently for but the duration of a single generation, it might reasonably be expected to mould the thought of the nation. But no idea of using national education for national purpose seems ever to have entered the heads of the authors of the Education Act which, now more than half a century back, first made the duty of teaching the young part of the duty of the State. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Forster, nor, again, others concerned with the movement, ever dreamt, apparently, of giving coherent aim to the new and gigantic force which had come under their control. They had no distinct goal. They possessed no clear ideal. On the informative side they had no definite objective. On the moral side they were willing to leave the formation of character to be the football of fierce contentions between those ancient doctrinal and political adversaries, the Anglicans and the Nonconformists.

Though State education has been constantly widening in scope during fifty years past, though secondary as well

as primary instruction is now embraced in its net, and though the need of definite purpose becomes more terribly urgent with every passing month, still no effort appears to be made to give to national education coherent design.

Has not the moment arrived when to supply this vast defect is an obligation no longer to be neglected or denied, and when to leave it unfulfilled is tantamount to abandoning the future of England, with all that it stands for, to the fatal fallacies of Socialism and the wild-beast fury of that Bolshevism which is simply Socialism applied by force? For can it be doubted that the true function of education imparted by the nation to its children is to give elevation to character by rendering them fit and eager to serve its cause, and strength to the mind by instilling knowledge of its great historical past? Standard "Readers" should be provided written by the ablest pens which can be found, though in the simplest and plainest terms, to tell the story of England in a way to kindle keen perception of the heroism and the self-sacrifice of her sons. Thus should our history be made a living thing possessed of a magnetic interest and prompting a desire for imitation. If you meet a man on a road who has no idea whence he came, the chances are considerable that he will be equally vague as to where he is going. Such a person you are hardly likely to consider fit to be entrusted with much responsibility. Similarly, electors who are practically almost wholly devoid of any knowledge of the past of their race are scarcely those able to discern plainly the fitting lines of its further development, nor are they ideal exercisers of the franchise. Yet, after those fifty years of national education, and after the expenditure of many hundred million pounds of the nation's money, what percentage of the population of England educated in the primary schools knows anything whatever of the great and splendid history of their own country? What proportion of them could give any intelligent reason why, when the countries of the Continent passed under despotic sway, the liberties of England broadened and deepened through the fleeting years? How many know aught of that glorious Navy to whose combats and triumphs this result was due? How many, again, could give any account, however slight, of the manner in

which the British Empire came into being, of the discoveries, the pioneering, the struggles, the losses, and the victories which attended its inception, or marked its rise? Out of every hundred men or women trained in the elementary schools of this country, is there an average of one who could pass even the simplest test in reference to such a subject? We do not think so. The circumstance that Henry VIII had six wives is usually the beginning and the end of their historical lore. But what shall we think of the value and the efficiency of a vast system of national education which, after over half a century's existence, has left the people of England in absolute ignorance of the most vital and significant facts in their own career?

A knowledge, however, of the past, though of supreme importance as a guide to the future, is not the only educational qualification urgently essential to the due equipment of the masses of this land. Never was there a time known in human records when acquaintance with elementary economics was so necessary as now. "How we live; how England gets her food," might surely be taught with ease and without jargon, even to children of from twelve to fourteen. That we do not grow this food, but buy it by the sale of our goods to foreign nations, is not really a very recondite fact, and the further point that if those goods are too dear foreigners will not purchase them is also tolerably simple. That price depends on cost of production is certainly susceptible of plain explanation. That the only way to keep wages at a high level, without raising the cost of production, is to increase the volume of that production by allowing every man to work to the measure of his natural capacity and through the use of every scientific device, should also not be beyond the comprehension of an intelligent child, if expounded with clarity and simplicity.

Had facts like these been driven home into the minds of the scholars in all State schools, whether primary or secondary, for the period even of the last twenty years, how great a barrier would have been erected against the inroads of Socialist folly, and how many millions sterling might have been saved which have been wasted in strikes. Nor need such instruction have stopped at the stage reached here. The real causes which have made capital,

since the dawn of man's history, the concomitant of any advance towards civilisation might have been set forth in a manner which would have rendered Karl Marx as innocuous as a small snake with its fangs abstracted. It might have been shown that this hated appanage of "the rich" began in truth when palæolithic man made his first stone axe, that it existed in the flocks and herds of nomadic tribes, in seed, in houses, and in clothes, and that it must continue to be the possession of mankind until and unless they return to the condition of animals. And it could have been demonstrated that private property, springing from a man's love for himself and his love for his family—which entails inheritance—has been ever and always the animating motive without which, save under violent constraint (as in Russia now), he will not work. Also, in the secondary schools at least, it might have been pointed out that the family is the strongest of all forms of private property, since it supplies the strongest reason, first for getting and keeping possessions, and then for passing them on. Thus to abolish the family by abolishing marriage is the necessity of Socialism (whether the Socialists desire it or not), because their central economic doctrine is the antithesis of all morality.

"It could have been; it might have been"—these are phrases which apply to the past. But why, in the name of reason and common-sense, should not teaching of the kind here suggested be now given in all State schools? Who would object? The Socialists. They would style such teaching "political"; but to regard that objection as possessing any weight would be feeble foolishness. For the State must definitely desire its own existence, and, desiring this, it must take the steps required to attain its end. All teachers of Socialism in its schools are in truth traitors to it, just as a clerk who seeks the ruin of the firm employing him is a traitor to that firm. We say that this is the time, when a sane Government is in office, to give form to the inchoate and direction to the vague. Let this amorphous and nearly useless system of State education be transformed into the means by which the population of England shall be saved in coming years from the misery and the ruin with which they are threatened by the bastard economics of poisonous fanatics.

Current Comments

Should We Sign the Protocol?

THE Geneva Protocol was intended to "tighten up" the clauses of the Covenant, the purpose of the enthusiasts who framed it being—as stated in an accompanying report—"to make war impossible, to kill it, to annihilate it." Compulsory arbitration is stated in the report to be "the fundamental basis of the proposed system." The scheme is to provide for disputes between nations being determined either by the Court of International Justice or by compulsory arbitration, although the idea that a powerful nation can be compelled to accept the decision of arbitrators or of an International Court indicates extreme optimism. Wide powers are proposed to be conferred by the Protocol upon the Court, including the right to determine, in the case of signatory States, disputes concerning any question of international law, or the nature and extent of the reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation.

In cases where the International Court has not jurisdiction the Protocol provides an elaborate system of compulsory arbitration, the arbitrators, in default of agreement, being appointed by the Council of the League, which is also to determine their powers and procedure. The Council being necessarily slow in action, and promptness, in modern warfare, being of the first importance, it is probable that by the time that a decision is arrived at it will be too late for effective action to be taken.

Under Article 10 of the Protocol, when hostilities have broken out, a State involved in the dispute which refuses pacific settlement is to be presumed to be an "aggressor," unless the Council otherwise declares, and the Council is to call for the application of "sanctions" by the signatory States, who are to "co-operate effectively in support of the Covenant and in resistance to any act of aggression." In addition to this grave responsibility, signatory States are to give a "joint and several undertaking" to come to the assistance of the State attacked or threatened . . . and to take all measures in their power to preserve the safety of communications of the attacked

or threatened State." It is to be observed, moreover, that a signatory State is not only under a duty to take warlike measures, when called on to apply sanctions, but so completely loses its independence that it has to continue such measures so long as the Council thinks proper; Article 14 declares that "The Council shall alone be competent to declare that the application of sanctions shall cease and normal conditions be re-established."

Shadow or Substance?

THE Protocol is admittedly intended to be in substitution for the Pact of Mutual Assistance, which was not adopted. In the Note of July 5th, 1924, addressed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to the Secretary of the League, the Pact was criticised in terms which might be applied almost *verbatim* with equal force to the Protocol. "The main criticisms of the proposed Treaty," states the Note, "fall under two heads, which may be expressed in an interrogative form: Are the guarantees contained therein sufficient to justify a State in reducing its armaments? Are the obligations to be undertaken towards other States of such a nature that the nations of the world can conscientiously engage to carry them out?"

Both questions are answered in the negative; and the Note proceeds to make the further pointed observations:—

"Another objection is the long delay liable to occur before the forces at the disposal of the League can be brought into effective operation against an aggressor State. . . . A system which involves prolonged delays before the first step in bringing military pressure to bear can be taken does not reach that standard of effectiveness which is essential."

Again: "The draft Treaty, in the eyes of His Majesty's Government, holds out no serious prospect of advantage sufficient to compensate the world for the immense complication of international relations which it would create, the uncertainty of the practical effect of its clauses, and the consequent difficulty of conducting national policy."

That we should act loyally by France is certainly the nation's wish, as it is also its interest: the security of France is essential to the security of Great Britain.

Instead, however, of assuming unlimited responsibilities in all quarters of the world, the most prudent course would be to enter into a definite and distinct engagement to come to the aid of France in the event of an unprovoked attack by Germany. In this way a repetition of the folly of 1914—by which our hesitation in declaring that we would stand by France and Belgium encouraged the Germans to make their bid for world domination—would be avoided.

The Example of Corfu

COMMENTING upon the Corfu crisis, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, while admitting that the vindication of Italian honour must in the last resort rest with Italy, "and with Italy alone," pleaded that reference to the League would have imposed upon that country no obligation to accept its findings, but only to abstain from resort to war until three months after the award of the arbitrators. In this particular case such award might have been made within three months, so that the total delay might possibly not have exceeded six months. In a similar case, say, in South America, the processes of inquiry alone, unlikely to be expedited by the offending party, might easily extend over twelve months.

If the jurisdiction of the League were recognised as binding upon both parties, which would, of course, necessitate the arming of the League with sufficient military power to enforce its decrees, such delays would have to be accepted as they are in civil litigation. As, however, the final right of nations to decide for themselves whether they will resort to war is admitted, it is obvious that a delay of twelve months—or even one week—pending academic discussions by parties not directly concerned would be entirely unacceptable. Litigants are prepared for the law's delays, from which their interests may not ultimately suffer. The essence of war is swift action—to strike quickly and to prevent the enemy from doing so.

It would be preposterous, therefore, to expect a plaintiff nation—determined upon war, failing immediate compliance with its demands—to mark time for an indefinite number of months, during which the defendant nation quietly prepared for the struggle. It is also obvious that, even if it were within the power of the League to impose such delays, the only result would be greatly to

extend the period and area of hostilities, with consequent greater destruction of life and property.

Inter-Allied Debts

THERE is much speculation as to whether Mr. Churchill's assurance to the French Government, that Great Britain will adhere to the spirit of the Balfour Note, is to be taken as meaning that this country will require from her Allies payments on account of their debts to us sufficient to cover our payments to America, exclusive of our share of reparations from Germany, or after crediting such receipts. Lord Balfour's declaration was, simply: "In no circumstances do we propose to ask more from our debtors than is necessary to pay our creditors." There was no specific reference to Germany. Later Lord Curzon stated more explicitly that this country would "ask for no more than will, together with reparation payments by Germany, meet the British-war debt to the United States Government." Writing on the subject last month in this REVIEW, Mr. Ernest Remnant said: "Great Britain demands only from her Allies that from their 'pooled' resources, including reparations received from Germany, she shall receive payments equivalent to her obligations to America." This, we believe, will be found to be the correct interpretation of Mr. Churchill's reference to the Balfour Note.

If Germany Defaults

THE further question remains, however, as to whether the liabilities of France and Italy to ourselves are to be conditional upon payments from Germany, or whether they are to be regarded as fixed, irrespective of that unknown factor. We are inclined to predict that neither the present nor any other British Government, in view of our actual commitment to America, will be prepared in advance to accept such a conditional settlement. If Germany should default, the problem would have to be considered afresh, and would be governed by factors which it is impossible at present to anticipate. These would be:—

The nature of the default; whether temporary or resulting from German repudiation and a war of revenge.

The relative economic conditions in France, Italy and England then prevailing.

The willingness, or otherwise, of America to meet the difficulty by remitting the British debt in whole or part.

CURRENT COMMENTS

American Debts to England

It seems to be regarded as "bad form" to state even a fact which might conceivably offend the susceptibilities of America. We know of no reason, however, why, since America chooses to adopt such an inflexible attitude in respect of the discharge of war debts, she should not be reminded that eight of her States defaulted over fifty years ago upon loans made by British investors for public works. The original capital sum was, it is true, only about £12,000,000, but, at compound interest, it would to-day have become over £200,000,000—a fifth of our war debt to the U.S.

As You Were in Germany

It would seem that the power of direct and reasonable deduction from known facts, in the light of experience, has deserted us as a nation. It has been almost universally assumed that Germany, having been beaten, and having declared a Republic, would settle down to the docile payment of reparations and the cultivation of all the virtues.

The monarchy and the war spirit, as responsible for her disasters, were for ever to be cast out. The leopard was, in fact, to change his spots. Any such doubts as to this miraculous transformation as have been expressed in this REVIEW have been reviled as provocative, Jingo, or worse. We have been assured—by those "who really knew"—that the sceptics were cruelly unjust to a people so conscience-stricken by the contemplation of their misdeeds that they had meekly accepted their defeat as a divine judgment. We have, indeed, found it wearisome to persist in face of such a chorus of pained disapproval. It is, however, still more unpleasant to have to point to the fact that the only result of the latest German elections has been to establish in power that militarist and monarchist party which is notoriously determined to re-create the German spirit of conquest in the shortest possible space of time.

The inevitable von Gesseler is, as always since the first post-war Government, Minister for War, or, as it is more politely described, Defence.

That there is a considerable section of the German nation which hopes for peace, including, perhaps, a large proportion of the working class, is beyond doubt. But that, even if these constitute a numerical majority,

which we do not believe, they could, when the time comes, enforce their will by the mere casting of votes, according to democratic theory, is extremely improbable. The really active and single-minded section is the militant Nationalist Party, who are likely continuously to strengthen their position by all the means by which such parties eventually dominate the less determined elements in a nation. Moreover, before "The Day" arrives, they will probably have hypnotised sufficient of the more pacific population into renewed faith in German überallesness, to command an actual majority.

England and the Sudan

THE welcome announcement has been made that a force is to be formed in the Sudan which shall owe allegiance wholly and solely to the British Governor-General as the representative of His Majesty the King. That measure follows the line of policy which has been repeatedly advocated in this REVIEW, as in our leading article last month. Rome was not built in a day, and to expect that all the folly which has marked our dealings with Egypt since the war should be wiped out at once would, perhaps, be premature. But we adhere very strongly to the opinion which we have previously expressed, namely, that the Egyptians are by nature absolutely unfit for self rule, and hence that the policy, which has conferred such rule upon them, is doomed to quite inevitable failure. This view is based on realities—not on catchwords—and unless it can be shown to be incorrect, it would seem to follow that the sooner we reverse our late course of action and take back the administration into our own hands the better both for England and for Egypt.

Russian Illusions—

THE "Gentleman with a Duster," who, in *Mirrors of Downing Street* and *The Conservative Mind*, has given us such penetrating, probably accurate, and wholly delightful character studies of our leading public men, is quite needlessly alarmed at the development of industrialism under the Soviets. He has made the astonishing discovery that "Russian prosperity is so great that it cannot long be hidden from the rest of the world." This "prosperity," actual or potential, is based upon the fact that wages have been reduced to the lowest possible amount, the

State, under the guidance of "brilliant and deep-thinking Jews," planning industry "as thoroughly as Lord Leverhulme develops the soap trade." The workers are State-rationed as to food and even entertainments. Thus, it is suggested, a vast productive machine has been created which will be able to undersell the world, undermine German and British industry, and maintain a flourishing system of State Socialism founded upon the slavery and privation of the population.

The "Gentleman with a Duster" has too clear an insight into British character to imagine that Britons would accept "prosperity" on these terms. But he appears to have been hypnotised by "a man of wide culture who has lately been in Russia," etc., into believing that even such a fantastic form of prosperity actually exists in Russia.

—and the Facts

THIS strange misconception may be examined from two points of view—that of known facts, and that of theory based upon the accepted laws of economics and human nature, which, of course, coincide in its refutation. Actually the Soviet autocracy, notwithstanding its repudiation of all national debts, its confiscation of all private property, and its reduction of the real wage level to below that of the Middle Ages, is tottering on the verge of bankruptcy. Russia is faced with another famine of appalling proportions. The grain which has forcibly been taken from the peasants for sale abroad, in order to provide funds for the alien despots, was needed for the sustenance of their wretched slaves. Russia is not exporting manufactured goods at all, and is now actually compelled to import grain!

Disease is rife, and is, indeed, the only visible solution of the unemployment problem. Education is disappearing except as a means of spreading moral disease. These are the facts, proved by the official admissions of the Bolsheviks themselves.

But, even if such damning admissions were not available in abundance, we would ask what is the use of knowledge of history, of reasoning power, or of the commonest of common-sense, if one could not safely presume such an inevitable result from the known conditions in

Russia? Just as one volunteer is worth three pressed men, so certainly the economic value of a sulky slave, robbed of all initiative and exploited by hated "brilliant and deep-thinking Jews," is not more than a fifth of that of the free citizen of an independent community. The present industrial chaos must rapidly produce still more intolerable conditions, until the whole crazy structure collapses. The "brilliant deep-thinkers" will disappear, some in good time by *trains de luxe*, with their plunder, some in the greatest pogrom in history. Not until then will Russia become once again a serious factor in world economics. And then, far from being feared as a menace to the prosperity of other nations, she will find all hands stretched out to help her.

Rejuvenation

Few questions have excited more general interest and more uninformed discussion than the claims of Dr. Voronoff, and one or two others, to have discovered the means of restoring the powers of youth to superannuated human beings. The idea, received at first as more or less of a joke, has lately been taken more seriously, since, indeed, it has been demonstrated in actual experience to be, to an extent, feasible. Recently, however, Dr. Voronoff has extended his original claim by declaring that life can be indefinitely prolonged by successive operations.

The English medical profession has upon the whole fought shy of the subject, showing an instinctive and wholesome aversion to a species of "black magic" designed to defeat nature.

New Wine in Old Bottles

As pointed out by Dr. Dundas Irvine in the article which we publish this month, the attempt to improve upon nature, except perhaps in a very few special cases, is unlikely to succeed on simple physiological grounds. It is an old and easily understood saying that a man is as old as his arteries. Since, therefore, the temporary stimulation of some of the vital energies is calculated to increase consequentially the strain upon the arteries, it is evident that, unless they also can be rejuvenated or renewed—as a new inner tube can be put into an old outer cover of a tyre—which seems to be impossible, the old arteries are likely to suffer the proverbial fate of old bottles for new wine.

On ethical grounds, apart from the exceptional cases suggested by Dr. Irvine, artificial rejuvenation is as indefensible as it seems likely to be adjudged physiologically. It opens up, moreover, a horrible ghoulish vista of the extension of the limited source of supply of the necessary organs from monkeys to human beings, alive or recently dead. There is, indeed, no doubt that, at a price, a supply would be forthcoming at once. Prohibitive legislation would be inevitable, and would as inevitably be evaded, in some countries. Fortunately Dr. Voronoff's methods are inapplicable to women. But they, having already discovered the secret of perpetual youth, would doubtless scorn such retrogression toward our simian antecedents.

Steel Houses and the Unions

As might have been expected, the Building Trades Union has lost no time in trying to thwart any plan which might even partially free the public from its tyranny. Aided by the Labour faction in the Glasgow Corporation, it has issued a command that Lord Weir's steel houses shall not be erected except by labour paid at the full rates of the Union, thus of course nullifying the whole object of the experiment, which was to render available for the construction of houses some of the unskilled and unemployed labour abounding throughout the country. If this Union is insensible to appeals in the national interest its power must be broken, and there could be no better case for a trial of strength between the needs and rights of the public on the one hand and the purely selfish greed of a "sheltered" Union on the other.

Timber Houses

We cannot conceive of any good reason why a serious effort should not be made to ease the housing problem by the use of timber. There are plenty of good, sound wooden houses all over the country well over a hundred years old. They can be erected at half the cost of brick houses, and they can be imported ready-made from Canada by the thousand, requiring only a minimum of time and labour for erection. There are thousands of unemployed men outside the Unions who are quite sufficiently skilled, under direction, to put such imported houses together. The fact that such a large proportion of dwellings in Canada, Scandinavia, and Russia are made of

wood is sufficient proof of their suitability to our milder climate. They are, indeed, cool in summer and warm in winter, and can be more attractive in appearance, especially in country and semi-rural districts, than most of the brick and concrete houses already built or under construction.

Food Prices

THERE is no indication, so far, that the labours of the Royal Commission which is investigating food prices are likely to discover any practical means of reducing them. They will, however, have served a useful purpose if they demonstrate the real and natural causes of high prices, and exonerate many an honest tradesman, perhaps in truth hard put to it to make ends meet, from the suspicion of rapacious "profiteering." There has not yet been any evidence that the law of supply and demand, and the essential safeguard of the public—competition—are not having free play; and as long as this is the case, whether prices are high or low, the consumer may rest assured that he is better protected than by any possible scheme of State control.

The following note from a correspondent does, indeed, suggest some constraint on the part of the millers' associations, but we venture to doubt whether any baker with sound credit is unable to obtain supplies. There is undeniably much truth in our correspondent's other contentions, but as the public appear to prefer "plate glass and pampering" they cannot grumble at paying for them.

Since world prices are determined by the process of "marginal differences," any relief the public is likely to get must come from a reduction in the cost of service.

If delivery and bad debts add 1½d. to the price of a loaf, a baker who proposes to pass this saving on to that section of the public which calls at his bakery for its bread, and pays cash, should be entitled to do so.

But can he? Millers' associations, by intimidation, endeavour to stop his supplies and generally succeed. Service of an enervating nature surrounds us, and just as the thrifty are penalised for the spendthrift, so we all pay for the lazy.

Having been a manufacturer, merchant, and retailer, I view the problem from all angles, and I have no hesitation in saying that 15 per cent. to 25 per cent. too much is paid for 75 per cent. of the personal and household goods (excluding foodstuffs) used by middle-class people.

Those who are not attracted by claptrap, touting, credit, plate glass and pampering are, in increasing numbers, effecting this saving.

The War of To-morrow and the Aero-Chemical Menace

By Captain J. Brifaut

Flight Captain of the Reserve, Member of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives

Dr. Gustave Lebon, in his last work, *The Uncertainties of the Present Hour*, writes as follows:—"A people does not resign itself to defeat when it considers itself superior to its victors. A German attempt at revenge can, therefore, be considered as one of the most certain events of future history."

Are these words too pessimistic? Ought we to expect a German revenge? The question might have appeared out of place two years ago, four years ago even more so. But to-day? Who would still dare to be astonished and to affirm that a fresh war is impossible, or even improbable? In order to have the right to do this, one must be unaware of the return of the Crown Prince to Berlin; of the striking manifestations of the monarchists in Prussia and Bavaria; of the political crimes; of the complicated network of secret societies and innumerable organisations of veterans and young persons aiming at military preparation; of the manufacture, clandestine and open, of fresh arms; of the speeches and the results of the last elections to the Reichstag; of the incessant and aggressive threats in deed and in word, which reach us from the other side of the Rhine, and which become clearer and more numerous from day to day.

One must, above all, deny the advantage which Germany, thanks to her genius for organisation and to her prodigious industrial power, can derive from the two new arms revealed by the last war, and developed since then: aviation and gas.

In regard to aviation and to many other matters the unpreparedness of the Allies was complete. In August, 1914, France had but 132 heterogeneous aeroplanes, and

Belgium only 25, to oppose the hundreds of machines, in squadrons of a uniform type, with which Germany had supplied herself in preparation for her attack. At the end of 1918 France alone possessed more than 4,500 aeroplanes, and had 17,000 military pilots, as compared with the 500 which she had at the outbreak of the campaign. This is the point of view from which one must study the increasingly important *rôle* played by aerial navigation in the operations of modern warfare.

To what it will attain in a future war can be judged by other figures—that of speed, which a recent record raised to 441 kilometres an hour; that of altitude, Sadi Lecointe having reached a height of 10,741 metres; that of duration, the American lieutenants, Lowel H. Smith and J. P. Richter, having flown, without landing, for 37 hours and a quarter and covered a distance of 5,300 kilometres; that of transport, aeroplanes to-day carrying more than two tons of net load. And this is only a commencement to which each year, almost each month, adds some improvement, especially from the point of view of speed, distance, regularity and safety.

Can one imagine what a skilful general could obtain, as a means of observation, transport and destruction, from a powerful aerial fleet placed at his disposal from the beginning of operations? By means of it he would realise two conditions essential to victory: surprise and speed.

Let us be assured that Von Seckt, the "great taciturn one," the "iron-headed general," who for some months past has been successfully devoting himself to the reconstruction of a strong military organisation in Germany, will neglect nothing in order that his country may, as regards aviation, surpass her eventual adversaries.

A fresh factor in the aeronautical industry deserves our attention: the creation of an aeroplane made entirely of metal, thanks to duralumin, an alloy at once light and strong. This allows of mass construction, by separate parts coming from different works, and even from different countries. Here we have a means of baffling control and of organising stocks. Moreover, as the new machine will be able to dispense with hangars, and will not be damaged by being left in the open air, cumbrous permanent installations, which aviation demanded during the late war, can

be dispensed with. With these enormous buildings will disappear one of the easiest means by which the vigilant eye of the aerial photographer, exploring behind the lines, was enabled to read the intentions of the enemy.

In a few days one nation well organised militarily, as set forth above, would be able, thanks to a well-selected personnel, to supply itself with the means of striking at night, and by surprise, at another nation in its principal points: the capital, the garrison towns, the centres of industry, of concentration, of food supplies, the sorting yards of railways, the bridges and the ports.

And this is not all, because to the flying danger there has to be added the chemical danger.

Germany possesses the most formidable chemical industry that there is in the world. It is useless to give the production figures of the "Interessen Gemeinschaft," that chemical Krupp's, which is a federation of the great German chemical works.

It is true that Art. 171 of the Treaty of Versailles forbids the manufacture by Germany of poison gases for war purposes, just as it was also forbidden by the Hague Conventions. But this is a useless prohibition, because, in order to render it effective, the destruction would have been necessary, upon the Rhine and beyond, of the works manufacturing manure, pharmaceutical and photographic products, and colouring and decolouring matters. The raw materials and the installations at the disposal of these works could in a few days supply Germany with more gas than she would require in order to assure herself, at our expense, of a most terrible vengeance.

With her thousands of specialised chemists, with her up-to-date laboratories, with her public and private resources, Germany is pursuing in an active manner, and without any control, researches similar to those which allowed her on April 15th, 1915, December 19th, 1915, and on July 22nd, 1917, to make her murderous emissions of chlorine, phosgène and yperite, to which we were not in a position effectively to reply until ten months, seven months, and eleven months, respectively, after having suffered these disastrous surprises.

Are we threatened with similar experiences in the perhaps near future?

There can be no doubt on this point, if Germany considers herself strong through our weakness; if she sees the Allies, and especially France, Poland, and Belgium, blind and deaf to the grave lessons of the not distant past; if she is able to believe that by means of the new arms—aviation and chemistry—it is possible for her, by an attack both sudden and decisive, to rid herself of the restraint imposed by the Treaty of Versailles, and to realise at last her dream of world supremacy which a momentary repulse has not driven from the Prussian mind.

We have, therefore, to come to the conclusion that, if Belgium wishes to safeguard her prosperity, her independence, even her existence, it is above all in the double domain of aviation and the chemical industries that her efforts towards military preparation should be directed.

Was Tolstoy the Spiritual Father of Bolshevism?

By Professor Charles Sarolea

It is an historical commonplace that all revolutionary upheavals have not only political and economic causes, but that they have also deeper spiritual causes. Thinkers, sophists, heretics, sow certain seeds and those seeds germinate in the minds of men. It may often take generations for the seedlings to grow, but sooner or later humanity reaps the harvest. And if the seeds that have been sown happen to be dragon's teeth, humanity reaps the red harvest of Terrorism. Thus the French Encyclopedists prepared the generation of Robespierre. Thus the early French Socialists and the romantic idealists of the school of Lamartine and Michelet prepared the generation of 1848. Thus Prince Kropotkin and Elisée Reclus inspired the contemporary anarchist movement in France. Thus the Russian *intelligentsia* for fifty years slowly but indefatigably paved the way for the Bolshevist catastrophe.

It behoves us to inquire which have been in this Bolshevist catastrophe the respective parts of the great masters of Russian literature. An illustrious statesman, President Masaryk, who is also a penetrating thinker, devoted two big volumes to this fascinating subject, although those volumes are only intended to be an introduction to the study of Dostoievski. Following in the footsteps of President Masaryk, I would like to analyse the specific influence of Tolstoy.* I am all the more anxious to do so because this brief analysis will give me an opportunity to revise, in the light of recent events, those opinions which I expressed fifteen years ago in a book on the Prophet of Jassnaia Poliana.

It may be thought that the literary problem submitted to our examination possesses a practical interest only for the Russians themselves. On the contrary, I believe that it has considerable practical interest for British readers,

* The subject has been exhaustively treated in a recent pamphlet (in Russian) by M. Maklakof, the ex-Russian Ambassador in Paris.

largely because the great masters of Russian literature, partly owing to the admirable translations of Mrs. Constance Garnett and to the publishing enterprise of Messrs. Heinemann, have had an enormous influence on contemporary English literature. It is probably because of the spell of the political anarchism of Tolstoy and of the intellectual and moral anarchism of Anatole France that most of our living intellectuals are "agin the Government" and on the side of revolution, whereas in the Victorian age most of the great men of letters were in favour of the established order. There has been seen in the history of English literature exactly the opposite phenomenon to that beheld in the history of French literature. In the last generation most of the French leading men of letters and publicists have been Conservatives—Taine, Renan, Bourget, Maurras, and Barrès. In the eighteenth century all the leading French men of letters were on the side of revolution. With us the process has been reversed.

I.—Those of us who have been taught hitherto to look upon Tolstoy, not only as the greatest novelist of any age and of any country, but also as one of the greatest teachers and preachers of modern times will, at first, be shocked if we are told that Tolstoy is the spiritual father of Bolshevism. We would at first consider such an assertion as an absurd paradox which is unworthy of serious discussion. And certainly Tolstoy himself would have indignantly repudiated any connection between his teaching and the Bolshevist teaching. He lived long enough to see the revolution of 1905, which was a mere innocuous curtain-raiser compared with the bloody tragedy of 1917. Yet I can well remember how in my presence Tolstoy denounced that abortive revolution and all its methods and all its works and all its leaders. I can remember how severely he condemned those intellectuals who, like Maxim Gorki, gave their moral support to deeds of violence.

By all means let us take due note of the solemn and repeated repudiations by Tolstoy. At the same time we would submit that any such repudiations do not dispose of the problem. In the first place neither a writer nor his contemporaries are competent or trustworthy judges of the

influence which is produced by his works. In the second place, the consequences and the influence of his works may not at first reveal themselves, they may only very slowly develop. The event alone can reveal the beneficial or the baneful nature of his teaching.

II.—Whatever importance we may attach to Tolstoy's repudiation of Bolshevism, and however much his admirers may be disinclined to admit any share of responsibility on the part of a writer of genius whom they consider as their spiritual leader, there are two disquieting facts which cannot be ignored.

The first fact is that the Bolshevists themselves claim Tolstoy as their patron saint, even as the French Terrorists claimed Rousseau, even as the Anarchists to-day would claim Prince Kropotkin or Anatole France. Whereas Tolstoy was in his lifetime solemnly excommunicated by the Tsarist Church, after his death he is glorified by the Soviet Government. That Government loses no opportunity of showing its reverence for the sacred memory of Tolstoy, if indeed such words as "reverence" or "sacred memory" can find any place in the Bolshevist vocabulary. The dictators have established two Tolstoy museums at Moscow, to one of which a daughter of the master has been appointed as director. They have established a third museum in Petrograd and a fourth one at Jassnaia Poliana, with a model experiment school attached to it. The Bolshevists protest that they are only carrying out Tolstoy's moral and educational ideals, that, like themselves, Tolstoy was a master-destroyer before he became a master-builder, and that they are building on the foundations which he laid.

The second disquieting fact is that this apparently extravagant claim of the filiation between Tolstoyism and Bolshevism is emphatically endorsed by Russian Conservatives. Bolshevists and Conservatives may be trusted to disagree about almost every problem, human and divine, yet they do agree about the direct responsibility of Tolstoy for the Bolshevist catastrophe.

III.—The champions of Tolstoy have one very simple answer to the accusation brought against their master. They examine his religious, ethical and political views, and they

have no difficulty in proving that those fundamental views are in radical opposition both to the theory and to the policy of the Bolshevists.

(1) The Bolshevists are uncompromising opponents of Christianity. Tolstoy is as uncompromising a disciple of Christ. The Bolshevists believe in a gospel of hatred. Tolstoy believes in a gospel of love. He always preached that the "imitation of Christ" must be considered as the ultimate moral and political test of truth.

(2) The Soviet creed and the Soviet Government are both based on brute force. They are an apotheosis of violence. On the contrary, Tolstoy has always repudiated force. He is an extreme pacifist, a conscientious objector to all war, including civil war. And not only does he not tolerate war, but he carries his objection to the use of force to its extreme logical consequences. He preaches non-resistance to evil. He denies the right to punish even the law-breaker. He abolishes not only the policeman, but the judge. He does away with all repressive law, and he would open all prisons.

(3) The Bolshevists believe in a despotic Socialist State. They hold that the State shall act as a Universal Providence, as a universal provider, and a universal middleman. Tolstoy not only does not believe in a despotic State, he does not even believe in a Liberal State. Precisely because he does not accept force and because the existence of any State must be based upon force, he denies the very idea of the State. Tolstoy does not give unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar and to God what belongs to God. He does not think that anything ought to be given unto Cæsar. Like Kropotkin and Bakunine, he is an uncompromising anarchist, and his anarchism is all the more far-reaching because, unlike the anarchism of Kropotkin and Bakunine, it has a religious basis.

A superficial examination is thus sufficient to prove the glaring opposition which exists between the principles of Tolstoyism and the theory and practice of Bolshevism.

The advocates of Tolstoy admit that Tolstoy did challenge Tsarism. But they rightly point out that all the features which Tolstoy blames in Tsarism reappear in Bolshevism in a more odious form.

The champions of Tolstoy also concede that he was a bitter enemy of the Greek Orthodox Church. But they

point out that he denounced the theocracy, not as the Bolshevists do, in the name of Atheism, but in the name of a "higher Christianity." The "higher Christianity" stands for the freedom of the spirit. The old Greek Orthodox Church stood for the fusion and confusion of spiritual and temporal power. It brings the power of the State to interfere with the working of God's spirit.

To accuse Tolstoy because he attacked the abuses of a tyrannical State and the servility and corruption of a bureaucratic Church is like accusing the early Christians of having caused the downfall of the Roman State because they condemned the crimes of Nero or Domitian.

IV.—The contrast and contradiction between the doctrines of Tolstoy and the theory and practice of Bolshevism may seem at first sight a final answer to the opponents of Tolstoyism. And there can be no doubt whatsoever that the two doctrines do represent two irreconcilable extremes. Unfortunately, it would not be the first time in history that extreme doctrines have actually met. Nor would it be the first time in history that they are seen to produce the same results. And the reasons why political extremes often do produce the same consequences are obvious. An extremist doctrine inevitably provokes a reaction. It also generally contains destructive elements as well as constructive elements. The quality of the influence which is wielded by an extremist thinker, therefore, entirely depends on whether it is the destructive side or the constructive side which happens to impress itself on the minds of men.

V.—Now in the case of Tolstoy, whilst his admirers in England have mainly been impressed by the constructive side, his Russian contemporaries have almost entirely disregarded the constructive elements, and have mainly been influenced by the destructive elements.

(1) The propaganda of Tolstoy's writings has enormously contributed to undermine the foundations of the Russian State. He did more than any other writer to develop those Anarchist tendencies, that lawlessness which is so striking and characteristic of the Russian temperament. He disarmed the State in its struggle against those "powers of darkness" which no writer has depicted more vividly than himself. In this connection it is interesting

to compare the attitude of Tolstoy with the attitude of the dying Socrates, protesting to his disciples that it is the duty of the citizen to obey the Laws of the State even when those Laws are unjust, and when he is himself the victim of their injustice. In this striking contrast between Socrates and Tolstoy you have, in a nutshell, the opposition between the destructive Slav Anarchist and the constructive Greek thinker.

(2) The moral and religious heresies of Tolstoy contributed no less efficiently to undermine the Church and to disintegrate the national religion, and the Russian Church was perfectly justified in excommunicating him from the fold. He may indeed preach the "religion of the spirit." But this spiritual Christianity is only the Utopia of an intellectual aristocrat. And, so far from strengthening religion as a living force, it must eventually tend to weaken it. For unless the pure rarefied Christian spirit is incarnated in the body politic of an official church, it will be powerless. No doubt an institutional religion, merely from the fact of allying itself with a corrupt society or with a corrupt State, will have to submit to many a compromise, and will have to surrender many of its principles. But any religion, if it is to be a living social force, must necessarily run such a risk. To divorce Christianity, as Tolstoy does, from the State and from society simply means that you banish Christianity from the world. In the Russian, Byzantine and Oriental conception of religion, the ascetic attitude of the monk who retires into the desert may indeed be a higher form of Christianity. But the asceticism of Saint Anthony or of a Simeon Stylites has never solved the problems of practical Christianity in its struggle against the forces of evil.

The analogy of Quakerism may illustrate the weakness of Tolstoy's conception of religion, although the Quakers have never gone as far as Tolstoy. The Christianity of the Society of Friends may also be a higher and purer form of religion. But the Quakers have never had more than a few thousand adherents in any particular country. Quakerism has remained a small sect with little influence on the national life. And it is an interesting commentary on the tenets of the Society of Friends that even the greatest of the Quakers did not disdain to move and to work in the corrupt Court circles of Charles II and to claim

the intervention of the State in the interest of his community.

Nor must we forget that the religion of Tolstoy was based on a radical pessimism bordering on Nihilism. He was not only a disciple of Christ but a disciple of Schopenhauer. This radical pessimism drove him at one time to the brink of suicide. It made him condemn the institution of the family. It made him condemn in the *Kreutzer Sonata* all sexual relations. It left him a prey to an unrestrained Oriental "other worldliness."

(3) But let us assume that in the end there may still be some doubt as to the final balance of good and evil in Tolstoy's attacks on Church and State. Can there be any reasonable doubt as to the baneful effects of Tolstoy's doctrine of non-resistance to evil? In a State constituted like the Russian State, in a community which was threatened by those "demons" who are so vividly described in the famous novel of Dostoievski, assuredly any policy of non-resistance to evil was the path of political madness.

Tolstoy's principle of non-resistance was both illogical and mischievous. In vain did Tolstoy protest in theory against existing evils, when he did, at the same time, deny the right of the citizen to resist evil. Such a doctrine gave the evildoer every unfair advantage. By depriving both the State and the individual of the right to resist evil, Tolstoy inevitably insured the final victory of the Bolshevist evil by disarming the law.

We are therefore reluctantly but irresistibly driven to the conclusion that Tolstoy has done enormous harm in unnerving and emasculating the Russian soul, in producing an attitude of moral paralysis and acquiescence to tyranny. For that reason Tolstoy has been the unconscious ally of the Bolshevists, even as, during the war, our own conscientious objectors were the unconscious allies of the Prussians.

VI.—The Western world has been asking itself again and again how it has been possible that a great nation of 150 million people should have submitted for seven long years to the diabolical dictatorship of a handful of fanatics, madmen and murderers. Such a dictatorship of an insignificant minority is almost inconceivable to an Anglo-Saxon

mind. The poisonous influence of Tolstoyism may help towards a solution of the paradox. On the Tolstoyan principle of non-resistance to evil, the victims of the Bolshevist tyranny have no moral right to oppose force to force.

One night during my recent visit to Russia I was invited to a very lively evening in a circle of Russian intellectuals. One of the company was giving me a vivid and lurid picture of the Bolshevist Hell. I asked my Russian friends that selfsame question which every European is ever asking himself: Why the opponents of Bolshevism, who were in an overwhelming majority, submitted in passive acquiescence to a hideous oppression, why the very stones in the Moscow streets did not rise against the Bolshevist devils? One member of the circle, a man with a world-wide reputation, quietly remarked that the Bolshevist tyranny was God's just punishment for the sins of the Russian people, that they had no right to oppose the will of God, that it was for God Almighty, and not for themselves, to put an end to the Bolshevist tyranny. In this utterance of an illustrious Russian I seemed to hear an echo of the voice which I had heard twenty years ago at Jassnaia Poliana.

History is once more repeating itself. The problem of the relation of Tolstoyism to Bolshevism is very much like the relation of Jean Jacques Rousseau to French Terrorism. Tolstoy had an unbounded admiration for Rousseau. He admitted to me that no European moralist had exercised so deep an effect on the development of his thought as the sophist of Geneva. There are striking affinities between the two thinkers, and there are equally striking analogies in the influence of their respective doctrines. Both Tolstoy and Rousseau certainly prove that a great writer may proclaim the noblest ideals, that he may be actuated by the purest intentions, that he may, indeed, be a spiritual benefactor for the happy few, and that yet he may be a political malefactor for the millions if he loses sight of the essential facts of human nature, if his ideals are not tempered with common-sense and judgment, if they are not submitted to the only test which can be safely applied to any moral or political doctrine, namely, the test of reality and life.

"The Jutland Scandal"*

By Lieutenant-Commander John H. Pollen, R.N.

When a man who has reached high rank in his profession takes pen in hand and writes a book bearing a word like "scandal" in its title we have learnt to fear that he will tell us much that is nauseating, little that is of interest, and nothing that is of service.

The Jutland Scandal is true to type. In this attack upon Lord Beatty—for such, in fact, it is—Sir Reginald Bacon obscures more than he elucidates, and omits more than he obscures.

In every one of the main counts of his indictment Sir Reginald Bacon calmly ignores any fact, however well established, that does not fit his case, or juggles with it till it does, and no more than a casual glance through his pages is necessary to show us a series of details that are entirely incorrect. Yet he tells us that he has been "at pains to verify all statements and details."

It is only possible here to expose a few, a very few, of the more glaring instances of misrepresentation with which this book abounds, but these should prove sufficient to place it in its true light. Sir Reginald Bacon, for example, makes great play with the delays that occurred in the publication of the Admiralty narrative, and insinuates that the Harper Report was "faked" to suit "official views." He carefully suppresses the fact that Admiral Scheer's despatch came into the hands of the Admiralty just as that report was on the point of completion; that it entirely upset the assumptions as to the German movements made therein; and that it made the Harper Report on that head obsolete.

But it is in his attempts to discredit his brother officer, Lord Beatty, that the author surpasses himself. Not content with insinuating that the Battle Cruiser Force was

* *The Jutland Scandal*, by Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon. (Hutchinson and Co. 5*s*.)

incompetent and incapable of fighting at Jutland, using the faulty construction of the ships themselves as his weapon for assaulting his comrades, he asserts that Admiral Beatty made two capital and fatal blunders in tactics during that action: the first in not having his ships concentrated at its commencement; the second in that he failed to report the enemy battle fleet to Lord Jellicoe during the run to the northward.

In the first case, Sir Reginald Bacon suppresses the fact that it was due to an error in handling that the Fifth Battle Squadron failed to maintain its appointed station on the *Lion*. With a compass to detect any alteration of bearing and a range-finder to check the distance, it is not difficult to maintain station. Let us quote Sir Reginald Bacon himself (but in another connection): "... Admiral Beatty had definitely stationed the Fifth Battle Squadron N.N.W. five miles from his flagship, and the senior officer of the squadron had no right to depart from that station without orders." But depart from it he did, at 2.32 p.m.! Had he maintained it, he would have been in an excellent position when the action opened, since the assumption that it was necessary for all the ships to be *in line* is quite unwarranted.

Sir Reginald Bacon suggests either that the slower ships should have been stationed nearest to the German base or that Admiral Beatty should have wasted no less than *twelve* minutes in concentrating his ships. These suggestions betray such lack of thought in haste to condemn that they merit further consideration. With regard to the first, it is obvious that it is not the *slowest* but the *fastest* squadron that must be stationed nearest the enemy's base, so that a chase in that direction (to give only one reason) can be pushed at utmost speed without the danger of the fastest squadron being obliged eventually to overtake its consorts, with consequent masking of fire over a prolonged period. Admiral Jellicoe in his battle orders arranged a special alternative position on deployment for his *fastest* battle squadron, to ensure that it should always be *nearest* the German base. Sir Reginald Bacon would have the direct opposite!

In his other suggestion he appears to have forgotten the *enemy* altogether! Had he been unsupported, as

was quite likely, what would the German admiral have done immediately he had news of our ships, and with the memories of the Dogger Bank fresh in his mind? Would he not have put his helm over and made for home at full speed? Those twelve minutes might well have given him sufficient start to make escape certain. Admiral Beatty grasped the first essential, which is to seize the fleeting opportunity *instantly*, and by the time that Admiral Bacon himself would, presumably, have been steering for the English coast, Admiral Beatty was well on his way to cut the enemy off from the Horn Reefs. Once the enemy was "ridden off," the Fifth Battle Squadron would have come into action in good time. In fact, that squadron *did* regain, before a shot was fired, four of the five lost miles.

In the second case, we find (page 65) that ". . . on the run north *not one signal* was made conveying information to the Commander-in-Chief. . . . Admiral Beatty completely lost touch with the High Sea Fleet, so that he joined the Grand Fleet battle fleet [*sic*] dumb, and unable to supply the Commander-in-Chief with the information which was vital to him to determine the method of his deployment; and this in spite of his having no less than fourteen light cruisers under his orders, *one only* of which, if properly stationed, would have kept him supplied with the necessary information" (*my italics*).

This remarkable passage is pure fiction. The truth is that not *one only*, but *four*, of Admiral Beatty's light cruisers were quite properly stationed; that they kept touch with the enemy battle fleet; and that Commodore Goodenough, who commanded them, sent a whole series of reports to the Commander-in-Chief! It was quite unnecessary, indeed it would have been pernicious, for Admiral Beatty to supplement these signals, made by his own light cruiser commodore, which was probably his reason (*pace* Sir Reginald Bacon) for not doing so. Finally, to support that accusing "dumb," we are told that "at 6.1 Admiral Jellicoe signalled to the *Lion*, 'Where is the enemy's battle fleet?' The *only reply* was at 6.6: 'Enemy's battle cruisers bearing S.E.' This was a 'thank you for nothing' reply. . . . Hardly crediting this scouting failure . . . Admiral Jellicoe signalled again,

'Where is the enemy's fleet,' but Admiral Beatty had none of their fleet in sight, and therefore made *no reply*. At 6.14, however, the German battle fleet steamed into sight, and he signalled back 'Have sighted the enemy's battle fleet S.S.W.'" (*my italics*). The truth of the matter is much less sensational, though more dignified: the *evidence* is to be found in the Jutland Papers. "'Where is the enemy's B.F.?' (*Repeated* 6.10.) Reply: 'Have sighted the enemy's battle fleet S.S.W.' (*Received in Iron Duke* 6.14.)" It is immediately obvious to anyone even unacquainted with signal logs that the 6.6 signal *re* battle cruisers was not a *reply* at all. We find it entered as an independent report, which it undoubtedly was: there is not a jot of evidence to prove the contrary. In the second place, we find that a reply *was* made, in spite of the author's contrary assertion, and we see that he has suppressed the fact that *only four minutes* elapsed between the repetition of the signal and the receipt of the reply in *Iron Duke*. Now this interval is so small that there is every probability that the reply was sent before that repetition was received! His last sentence only shows that the author has but a remote acquaintance with the facts, since it was at 6.14 that *Lion* lost sight of the enemy, forced off her course by the *Defence*! Is this the sort of evidence that a responsible person should use to accuse his brother officer?

As we anticipated, this book makes no contribution whatever to our knowledge of the action. Sir Reginald Bacon certainly tries to make us believe that in the Diagram No. 38, "which otherwise there would have been no reason to publish," he has discovered something to Lord Beatty's disadvantage. He omits to mention the fact that he copied his diagram from the official history, and that there is no mystery about it at all. It is difficult to believe that an admiral wrote the text that accompanies it.

Discussion of the action itself is beyond the scope of the present paper, the purpose of which is to show that Sir Reginald Bacon's interpretation of well-known facts is quite unreliable. Very many of his diagrams convey an utterly false impression, and the methods I have exposed are employed throughout the book. Whether they are due to bias or merely to extreme carelessness I leave the reader to determine.

Rejuvenation

A Reply to Dr. Voronoff

By Dr. L. C. Dundas Irvine

Dr. Serge Voronoff recently declared, in a signed article, that he believed that "none of us need die until we grow tired of life." And he brought evidence from his own researches on animals to support his statement.

Are we to believe him? First of all, it is obvious that Dr. Voronoff's credo is not meant to be taken literally. All that he claims to do is to rejuvenate old people. He does not claim that even his successes are going to be immune from the diseases of youth—that influenza, typhoid, pneumonia and the other many scourges of life will immediately lose their power to destroy. He may declare that by his operation he has increased the powers of resistance of his patients, but even this is a long step from conferring immunity.

Can he, then, substantiate his amended claim and ensure, even by a series of operations at intervals of some years, a perpetual youth?

To find an answer to this question one must first reach an understanding of what these glands are and what functions they perform.

In the human body there are a very large number of glands, each with one or more duties. They are divided roughly into two groups, duct glands and ductless glands. This division, however, is very superficial, for many of the glands that have ducts, by which their products are carried to the spot where they are required, also secrete other substances into the blood stream which conveys them all over the body, whence they are extracted and used by many organs far distant. It is, therefore, simpler to consider the glands in three groups, duct glands, combined glands, ductless glands.

Typical duct glands are the lachrymal gland, supplying tears to the eyes, the salivary glands, producing the saliva

of our mouths, the mammary glands, yielding milk, and so on. Glands, anatomically one unit, but performing two or more functions, and secreting both by means of a duct and through the blood stream, are exemplified by the pancreas, which pours part of its products directly into the intestinal canal, through the pancreatic duct, to aid in digestion, and, among other activities, makes a substance which has now received the well-known name of insulin, and which, acting through the blood stream, controls the output and excretion of sugar in and from the body.

The third type, which has no duct of any kind, has a visible member in the thyroid gland. This gland, situated in the front of the neck, sometimes becomes diseased, enlarges, and is then known as a goitre—a disfigurement, unfortunately, only too well known to every one.

The duct glands and those parts of the second type which dispose of their products through their ducts are outside the scope of Voronoff's researches. Their secretions are well known, and can easily be obtained and analysed, and, by tying the ducts, the effects on the body of the absence of such secretions observed. Of the *third* type and of the ductless portions of the *second* type there are many examples in the body, and, without a doubt, there are many glands still considered to be purely of the *first* type, which, as the result of future researches, will be found also to secrete some valuable substance into the blood.

Now we are in a position to analyse what appears to be one of the two fallacies in Dr. Voronoff's claim. He asserts that science has revealed that one pair of glands—the interstitial glands—prevent the onset of old age. These glands are cells, forming a ductless component of two second type glands, known in the man as the testes, in the woman as the ovaries, and the assertion above quoted is based on the undoubted fact that removal of these glands does bring about premature age in both sexes.

But research has also revealed the fact that the ductless glands are intimately bound together, that disfunction of one is always accompanied by disfunction of one or more of the others.

To give an example. Among the results of thyroid activity there appears to be an indirect control of the speed of the heart beat. So that over-secretion of the thyroid

is accompanied by a rapid pulse, under-secretion by a slow one. But intimately connected with the pulse rate and the blood pressure is the suprarenal gland, which also has an important influence on muscle-tone and energy. Acting, too, on the contractile power of muscle, and particularly on its regularity of action, are two more glands, the parathyroid, and weaving in and out of this complicated mechanism is the secretion of the interstitial cells of the ovaries and testes. Consequently, in a certain disease, known as exophthalmic goitre, we get as symptoms a tumour in the neck, a rapid pulse rate, great nervous excitability, occasionally amounting almost to mania, tremors of the muscles, high blood pressure and sometimes a history of a recent pregnancy. One gland, the thyroid, is obviously deranged, but half a dozen others are sharing in the trouble to a degree, and in respective proportions that vary infinitely in the different cases, evidence of which can be seen in the preponderance in one case of one of the symptoms indicated above, in the second case of another.

Here, then, lies the first fallacy. Old age is a condition which more than any other is distributed all over the body, and although, undoubtedly, a spurt can be obtained by stimulating, operatively or otherwise, a powerful member of a powerful group of glands, the many other factors playing their part in the condition must eventually nullify the stimulus and bring about a *status quo ante*.

The second fallacy is equally obvious and the result of ignoring it possibly more important. The first twenty-five years of a man's life are occupied by growth, and at about that age he reaches physical perfection. Up till then any exhaustive or violent effort leaves but a brief trace, and, if in good health, is followed by greater strength than ever. After that, speaking broadly, there follows a period of very slow loss of power and elasticity; speed and endurance gradually diminish, particularly the former; the football player has to call in experience to spare himself, and the champion boxer goes down before the fire of the younger man. After another ten or fifteen years the process becomes more rapid, until by the time Dr. Voronoff is called in to restore youth, the frost of old age in greater or less severity has set in.

Many changes have taken place in the body generally.

By far the most important one is that lime in little plaques has been deposited between the muscular coats of the arteries, destroying in part their elasticity and tending to make them brittle and to block them up. The effect of this is widespread, but in three places it is more obvious than elsewhere. The heart derives its blood supply from two not over big arteries, which seem particularly to be susceptible to this blocking process. There may consequently be a deficiency of circulating blood in the heart muscles, which normally might not be an insupportable loss, but which, if any strain is thrown on the heart, becomes extremely serious.

It is quite impossible to remove these plaques, and frequently their presence may be unsuspected until signs of heart failure supervene. The danger, then, of producing, even temporarily, a semblance of the vigour and desires of youth in an old man is obvious. It is unnecessary to labour the point by describing the danger of brittle arteries in the brain or defective circulation in the kidneys.

It may be argued that quite a number of men do not get these calcareous deposits in their arteries. This is true, but, on the other hand, such men would not show the degenerative signs of old age, nor would they "feel their years." Consequently they would not be likely to call in Dr. Voronoff's assistance unless, indeed, the operation were undergone prophylactically, as one is vaccinated against small-pox! Further, as I said above, it is quite impossible to be certain that there are no deposits of lime and, therefore, no danger of cardiac failure under strain.

It would follow from this that Dr. Voronoff's operation, to be logically sound, would have to be performed on the first sign of any deterioration from the summit of physical strength, that is, frequently, as early as the twenty-fifth year!

How, then, can one explain the success of the experiment on goats that Dr. Voronoff describes with such emphasis, and why does an obvious success there become doubtful in men? On reading the article one notices one thing at once—several goats are mentioned as having been operated upon, one only is described as young and vigorous once more. What happened to the others? The operation may have been equally successful in all, but it is

not so stated. Even if it had been, the argument that a similar operation in men would, *ipso facto*, be equally successful is not logical. The goat is, at any rate in the domestic variety, a very quiet animal. It is not hunted, its food is supplied in ample quantity, and it is not exposed to extremes of heat and cold, or subjected to the strain of work or emotion. Its entire internal economy is simpler. Consequently the gland mechanism that in man is so complicated is dependent in the goat on fewer glands, with fewer secretions; and it is easy to see that stimulation of one gland would have a more powerful effect. Inasmuch, too, as there is little of anything in the life of an aged goat that is likely to send its blood pressure up or throw a strain on its heart, so the danger of collapse is less, if existent at all.

It cannot, however, be said that Voronoff's researches are useless and that the operation is at all times to be refused. One can easily imagine the possibility of a *premature* old age, due to failure of the interstitial cells, after accident or through disease, which might be averted and many useful years added to an otherwise brief life by the skill of his hands in the grafting of monkey glands. Our knowledge of these ductless glands is still in its infancy, and there is more to be learnt than ever we have discovered up to the present.

Many diseases, and particularly those whose main symptoms are wasting and weakness, will probably be overcome. Many years have already been added to the expectation of average life by a better system of sanitation, and by a fuller knowledge of what to eat and what to avoid, and it is not too much to expect that this may be further extended until possibly even Flouren's estimate of 140 years has been reached. To go further, however, at the present stage of medical knowledge is not possible, and though he would be a rash man who prophesied that it would never be possible, yet a great deal more must be learnt, and many hidden mysteries unravelled, before we may slowly and tentatively step out along the road whose entrance gate Dr. Voronoff so boldly declares that he has found.

Spain Under the Somatén

By Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Wyllie

If the valiant Valenciano, Blasco Ibañez, is telling the truth, Alfonso XIII is a genial charlatan; personal enrichment is his ruling passion, and the Directorate of Primo de Rivera is one of his means to that end.

Ibañez has bought two aeroplanes, which he has christened "Liberdad" and "Republica Española," and these he uses to bombard Spain from the skies with millions of copies of his libel, the "unmasking" of the King and his "terrorist" Government. Not content with this, he has had translations of his propaganda scattered broadcast in France and Portugal.

Let the man on the spot decide. I venture to affirm that the average citizen of Barcelona will compare the atrocious state of his city prior to 1922, when Spain's youngest general, Primo de Rivera, was posted to Cataluña as Captain-General, with its orderly and prosperous condition to-day, and thank Heaven for the change.

To the casual visitor, the city's daily life may have seemed normal. Policemen on point duty, in the pre-war uniform of the British infantry—scarlet tunic, red-striped trousers, pipe-clayed belt and gloves, directed the dense converging traffic, and did it well. Spain's well-merited pride, the Guardia Civil, continued to protect—ostensibly at least—a stolidly unresponsive population, too saturated with fatalism to defend itself.

All this, however, was superficial—"*para Inglês vêr*," as candid Portuguese say of their own national whitewash. The Civil Government of the Province, terrorised into inaction, had virtually abdicated in favour of the *Sindicato Unico*, or Labour Confederation—an anarchist gang in permanent session as a tribunal. This body's activities were lurid enough. Hardly a day passed that some hapless capitalist was not sentenced in secret to the death penalty, and murdered without effective interference by the State. No employer of labour knew what a day might not bring forth.

Primo de Rivera, on assuming command, although this civil paralysis was not directly his affair, decided to act as if it were. He had evidence on which to charge the Civil Governor of Barcelona with virtual complicity in these crimes, and demanded his dismissal at the hands of the Home Ministry in Madrid. This was refused; but in the Somatén the cause of law and order had a powerful weapon in reserve; and, moreover, one under legitimate control by the Captain-General himself.

Originally a local vigilance committee peculiar to Aragon and Cataluña, this force is as old as Spanish independence itself. Records of its brave deeds so far back as A.D. 797 are still extant. And in the early nineteenth century, when France invaded the Peninsula in order to strengthen Joseph Bonaparte's precarious seat on the throne of a still unconquered country, the Catalan Somatén gave Napoleon the surprise of his life by holding in check, and finally defeating, Schwartz's French Division. This not only enabled Madrid to be retaken by the Spanish army, but it also gave the Anglo-Portuguese army under Wellington its opportunity of expelling the foreign invader finally from Spain.

Since then, the Somatén has suffered many vicissitudes, but after the 1873 experiment in republicanism (in the extirpation of which, by the way, Primo de Rivera's uncle took a leading part), it won royal recognition, and, under its charter, is now an integral element in the State. Its pristine spirit is undimmed. "*Somos atents*" is Catalan for "we are ready"; and this cry, along with the motto borne on its banners, "*Paz, paz, y siempre paz*," connotes the idea of a defensive clan-gathering; in early days assembled by beat of drum or beacon fire, but now responsive to the call of its leader, the Captain-General.

Such was the force to which Primo de Rivera entrusted the task of restoring the city of Barcelona and the province of Cataluña to normal life. Mindful of Salméron's noble vision of "Spain as a nation of nations," he ignored the powerful but narrow regionalism which would set Catalan interests first and last, and worked for diffusion of the Somatén spirit throughout the Spanish confederation of provinces. In both objects fortune favoured him, and he was soon powerful enough to banish the Madrid

Cabinet which, even after the assassination of Cardinal Soldevila at Zaragoza, had so miserably failed to rise to the occasion. Bold as it was, the step won the royal approval, and parliamentary government, as manipulated by the politicians, had to give place to a benevolent but firm dictatorship, under which Spain still prospers.

Unfriendly critics, reading from the diatribe of Blasco Ibañez, revel in the tale of disasters in Morocco as proof that the present *régime* has failed, ignoring the fact that Spain's Moroccan problem has never been brought so near to solution as it appears to be at this moment. But let the impartial reader ask himself whether the situation, with the Riff under fire and sword, would not now be far more calamitous for Spain, and far more perilous to Spain's neighbours in Europe and Africa, had not the Somatén intervened to stifle the domestic conflagration. Remember: by midsummer of 1922 that conflagration, originating in Barcelona, had spread to Zaragoza. By Christmas of 1923 an anarchist rising engineered by French and Portuguese, as well as Spanish, conspirators, was timed to take place simultaneously in Lisbon and the leading Spanish cities on a signal given by a knot of pretended football players at an international match to be played in Seville. That signal was never given, thanks to Spain's Dictator, Primo de Rivera.

Had these sparks been left to fly at will, spreading to both the eastern and western frontiers, over the border-line of which so much inflammable matter still lies ready to burst into flame, and this at a juncture when Spain's attention and energies were fully occupied elsewhere, the consequences to many nations other than Spain might have been grave indeed. As Fascism has been to Italy, so, let us hope and trust, will be Somaténism to the Iberian Peninsula—the radical cure of a deadly international disorder with which the enemies of humanity are striving to infect Western Europe. And, we may rest assured, whatever this latest mouthpiece of Moscow may scream from the skies to the contrary, that King Alfonso and his lieutenant can be trusted to apply that remedy with vigour and success, so long as fair play is accorded them by all concerned.

The Guards Division

By Sir George Aston, K.C.B.

No troops can be first rate unless they are punished for small faults and get their meals with regularity. The —— are frequently famished but never rebuked, whereas the Brigade of Guards are gorged and d——d the whole time.—RAYMOND ASQUITH.

* * * * * *

The historian of the only division of Foot Guards that has ever taken part in a British war has grasped the spirit that animates the discipline of the Brigade of Guards. We get this impression at a glance. He has chosen for the frontispiece of each of his volumes an "unknown warrior," typical of the mass, and not an officer of individual distinction, well known to the public. The pose of the two figures is admirable. The first, a young Guardsman of 1914, stands waiting, in pre-war equipment, with a calm look of expectancy in his eyes. The second, in 1918 equipment with shrapnel helmet and gas-mask, appears in harder condition. He stands alert, well-balanced under his heavy load, with an air of having faced strenuous experience.

The Guards, in some respects, stand apart from the infantry of the line. They do not fit into the Cardwell system, which enjoins that, for every battalion serving at home, there shall be a battalion abroad to be fed constantly with drafts of trained men. As a result of exemption from service abroad in time of peace, it has been possible to shorten service with the Colours in the Guards to three years, leaving nine years in the Reserve before completing the term of enlistment. The Guards are therefore better provided with reserves than their brethren of the Line. As a result, they were always ready in the war to return to the front line a few days after being taken out, after suffering heavy casualties, and still to maintain their magnificent traditions. We read of whole battalions coming out of a fight only about 200 strong, and commanded by captains. In 1916, when the new British Army, barely ready for the great ordeal, was seeking on the Somme what Clausewitz calls the "bloody solution of the crisis," the Guards Division came out of a fight with 4,800 casualties in the three brigades, a large proportion of them being officers and non-commissioned officers. The Division was in the line again

* *History of the Guards Division in the Great War*, 1915-1918. By Cuthbert Headlam, D.S.O., late Lieut.-Colonel, General Staff, B.E.F. 2 vols. (Murray, 36*s*. net.)

after three days. "Drafts, which at this period of the war were plentiful, consisted of trained men imbued by the methods, the tradition, and morale of the Brigade of Guards, fit and ready to take their place in the line." And so it was to the end. In the winter of 1916-17 we read of numbers of New Zealanders being attached to each Guards battalion to obtain an insight into the Guards' methods of discipline and drill, "the value of which was becoming more and more apparent as the war proceeded." The author does not mention the School of Instruction at Chelsea, where representatives of the whole British Army attended for a similar purpose, this school being outside the scope of his subject.

The bulk of the Foot Guards are stationed in London, and Londoners know them best as they appear when undergoing "steady drill," guard-mounting, or taking part in ceremonials. Drill, and ceremonial in the pre-war panoply of scarlet and gold and bearskin caps, were sometimes regarded as "playing at soldiers," but the history of the Guards in the Great War proves that they had a high value. The best training for the discomforts and monotony, interspersed with rare excitements, which go to make up service in war, is an iron discipline in the routine of peace duties. This is the secret of the Guards system, which was held up as a model to others in the war, and the word "Guardee," not always the most popular of nicknames in the Army, is now used as a term of respect and almost of affection.

An objection sometimes lodged against a discipline of rigid obedience to orders is that, while it ensures the collective action of masses, it may kill initiative in the individual, for which there is a sore need in modern warfare. Searchers after this quality in the Guards will find in their divisional history an account of how a sergeant, by his handling of a bombing party on his own initiative, turned the scale in a critical engagement (Vol. I., p. 76). They will also find initiative exemplified, in cold blood, by a young officer who was carrying an accidentally ignited bomb and, finding himself in a crowd of men whose lives would have been endangered if he had thrown it away, pressed it to his body until it exploded (Vol. I., p. 141). Other similar examples are given, but for such incidents it is better to consult the regimental histories. The larger the unit described, the more the per-

sonal touch may be lost in interpreting the spirit of the mass, not the achievements of the individual. This the author has succeeded in avoiding, without, as he says, striving after literary effects or interpolating "purple passages." He has thus earned the gratitude of understanding readers. The bald narrative of achievements will suffice for those who can visualise the scenes. With so little space at his disposal, he has been wise in his exclusions. He has also shown wisdom in his footnotes. After stressing the importance of Guards discipline, he gives us, in a footnote, a further glimpse into its nature by adding this quotation from a war diary: "The Major-General issued an order reminding commanding officers that it was an old-established custom in the Guards for officers to take off their coats and work with the men."

These notes from the history of the Guards Division help us to picture to ourselves the system which inspired all ranks in their achievements, best summarised in the words of the King:—

> The Guards Division, first formed in 1915, practically served in every sector of the Western Front. . . .
>
> The Division, which commenced its brilliant career at Loos, took a prominent part in 1916 in the hard fighting on the Somme. . . .
>
> At the Third Battle of Ypres the Division responded to the call of its Commander by capturing all allotted objectives in three separate attacks.
>
> The fighting round Cambrai, and the historical counter-attack which broke up a dangerous German thrust at Gouzeaucourt, will ever be remembered.
>
> During the critical days of 1918 an heroic resistance was offered to the vigorous assaults of an enemy numerically stronger and elated by success, while during our subsequent rapid advance the efforts of the Division were crowned by the capture of Maubeuge. . . .
>
> Nor do I forget the other arms which enabled the three Brigades of Guards for the first time in the history of the British Army to fight as a Division.

That this fine chronicle of achievements in action was equalled by other divisions, the Guards would be the first to allow. The Guards added thereto an honourable reputation, during the long, monotonous period of trench warfare, of having left every bit of trench which they occupied better than they found it, and some bits they found in ruins. Such are the traditions of the Guards. Their historian gives us clear maps to illustrate his account, and his appendices are valuable. The index is of the standard which we expect in books emanating from Albemarle Street.

The Miner's Mind

By James A. Bowie, M.A., D.Litt.

If a doctor were repeatedly visited by a patient suffering from frequent and serious nervous breakdowns he would suspect some grave constitutional disease. The mining industry is such a patient. Its condition is no aftermath of war. According to statistics published by the Board of Trade relating to the last normal decade, 1904-1913, the average annual percentage of workers in the coal industry involved in disputes entailing loss of work was 21.4; next to them came the textile industry with only 6.4 per cent., while the mean average of all the trade groups was 4.4. For the nineteen years 1900 to 1918 inclusive, the total number of disputes resulting in stoppages was 2,543 in the coal industry, or an average of 134 per annum. Since the Armistice the industry has lived at hurricane pace, having suffered two national stoppages, one district strike, one crisis when a strike was averted only by the appointment of a Royal Commission, and to-day is faced by another crisis. Apart from these, there has been the usual plethora of local eruptions numbering in 1922 some 155, involving a direct loss of 1,246,000 working days, and during 1923 174 with a loss of 1,165,000 days. Besides these actual stoppages continual agitation has been engaged in, resulting in numerous appeals to the Government for assistance and to the owners for higher wages.

There is no need to emphasise the fact that the loss and damage are not limited to the industry. The domestic consumer of coal, the export trade in coal so vital to shipping, the iron and steel works, the gas and electrical concerns, the railways—in short, the whole community at large is intimately affected by the welfare, or otherwise, of the coal trade. It is, indeed, true to say with Jevons

that to Britain coal is "almost of religious importance." And in spite of this fact the community has no assurance of the regularity of its supplies. At any moment a ruthless hand may be laid on its source of light, power, and heat. The position was well illustrated in one of *Punch's* recent cartoons. A nervous and apprehensive John Bull was depicted seated under the sword of Damocles with the word "strike" on the hair-suspended sword. Mr. Smillie was shown pacifying the alarmed sitter with the words, "Oh, it's all right, I've fixed up another *hair*."

What, then, lies at the root of this perpetual teeth-on-edge attitude? Are the owners, or are the miners, endowed with a double dose of original sin, or is it simply due to the general state of depression? The latter cannot be the sole reason, though it may exasperate to breaking-point tempers already strained. Before the war, as we saw, the industry was little better, and the long national strike of 1912 was preceded and succeeded by a continuous series of bickerings and disorders in the industry. Again, the fact that the coal trade is moving amid the rocks and shallows of a shaken and impoverished world is no reason why the captain and crew should quarrel; rather should it be an incentive (as, indeed, it would be in practice in every British ship) to greater effort and fuller co-operation. Furthermore, the mining industry has weathered the depression, thanks to the excellent principles embodied in the 1921 Wages Agreement, better than any other staple trade in the same "unsheltered" class. In December, 1922, only 4.6 per cent. of the miners were unemployed as against an average figure for *all* trades of 12.2; while in December, 1923, only 2.4 per cent. of the miners were unemployed, as against a general average of 10.7 per cent. Still more striking is the fact that, during the latter year, full-time work was provided for over 60,000 more men than in 1913, itself the record pre-war year. As regards wages, the miners have obtained larger increases on their pre-war wages than have the workers in any other industry subject to foreign competition. True, the builders, the dockers, the railwaymen, and the employees of local authorities—all sheltered trades—have received much larger advances, but in the other "unsheltered" trades, such as engineering, ship-

building, agriculture, and cotton, the percentage advances are much smaller. There is neither rhyme nor reason in such discrepancies, and it is noteworthy that unrest and agitation have been by no means confined to the lower paid trades. For these reasons it is evident that the particular intensity of unrest in the coal trade cannot be attributed mainly to the world-wide poverty and dislocation.

Are, then, the owners at fault? Undoubtedly the miners would reply in the affirmative, and couple with them the Government as joint culprits. The Government would be accused on two counts, first, in refusing to give legislative effect to the findings of the Sankey Commission, and second, in decontrolling the industry prematurely at the end of March, 1921. Both, however, are somewhat ancient and remote grievances, on which a good deal can be said on both sides, and have little reference to the present trouble.

The owners to-day get the major share of the blame. The miner may want the moon, but he finds there is no use asking the employer for it. He must ask the Government for nationalisation, which is no other than a scheme for relieving the owner of his property either by purchase or confiscation. From the owners he must ask the possible, and so he translates his grandiose ambitions into demands for a higher minimum wage, a larger share in profits, and more information. It is only when the simple question is asked, "Where is the money to come from?" that the miners accuse the owners of impoverishing the industry by their malpractices. What motive the owners can have in refusing to make money is not clear, but for this they are definitely blamed. How do they do it?

The miners say that the owners, by refusing to go in for unification, and by their "brutal and senseless" internecine competition, so reduce prices that there is no reasonable return to the humans in the industry. "Therefore," said Mr. Frank Hodges in June, 1923, "the owners had been the most foolish of all owners in any industry in the country." The salesmen on the Coal Exchanges positively give away coal with both hands, instead of combining to exact a good price. So the legend runs. And not once, but often, the miners have shown themselves prepared to combine with the owners in a

conspiracy to regulate prices in the home market. To this the owners have steadfastly objected, and they have attempted to enlighten the miners on the first principles of economics. The coal salesmen charge not the lowest, but the highest price the market can bear, and combination by rigging supplies can raise prices, but only at the expense of reducing sales and, therefore, reducing output and employment. We export on the average about one-third of our production, and in that direction nothing whatsoever can be done in face of the keen competition from the U.S.A. But the whole argument sounds strangely from the mouth of Labour. The working man cannot on the one hand condemn monopolies for exploiting the consumer, and, on the other, urge the formation of monopolies to raise wages. The writer has always marvelled at the astounding facts published by the Committee on Trusts in 1919, and in the forty subsequent reports of separate combinations, and at the fact that no steps have been taken to give effect to the unanimous recommendations of that Committee. But the reason becomes clear if it be revealed that labour, the great monopolist, the great standardiser, is behind the trust movement. And so it would seem from a consideration of the miners' proposals.

Furthermore, the miners assert that the owners do not manage their concerns efficiently. They waste a great deal of time, material, and money that could be saved by economical management. Against this it can safely be said that in no other staple industry is the level of management so high. For over forty years every manager of a pit has had to pass a stiff examination before appointment, he must hold a first-class certificate, and every under-manager must hold at least a second class, as must also, since 1913, every fireman, deputy, or examiner. The mining industry has been easily first in the field in insisting on efficiency in its officials, out-distancing even the engineers, who are now moving in the same direction. Again, in no industry so much as mining are the higher managerial posts recruited to such an extent from the rank and file, and in accusing the management of inefficiency the miners partly accuse the brightest members of their own class.

There is no industry in which waste is unknown. The lesser waste in the coal industry has been so often under the social microscope, and has been so often used as a weapon of attack on the frequent occasions when the miners have dragged their quarrels into the political arena, that it has become grossly exaggerated in the public view. Only in one form of waste is the mining industry worse than any other, and that is the colossal waste due to the ceaseless discontent in the labour force and the resulting frequency of sporadic strikes often over frivolous and foolish pretexts. A keen, enthusiastic labour force could enormously improve efficiency. If the miner took half the interest in his work that he does in his whippets and pigeons, output could be greatly increased. To encourage such interest some form of joint pit committees should, under certain circumstances, be established on a voluntary basis. But, as we shall see later, one condition essential to their success is at present lacking.

Of all industrial workers the miner is the doughtiest fighter. His powerful Federation, the largest industrial union in Great Britain, with the stupendous economic power it has of crushing as under a steam-roller the commercial life of the nation, has become a menace to the land. The community will not soon forget the manner in which successive Presidents of the Miners' Federation—and notably Mr. Robert Smillie during the war—have talked down to Prime Ministers with the easy assurance commonly reserved for dealing with office-boys. Add to this the tremendous political punch that the miners have acquired. In the last Parliament there was a solid phalanx of forty-five mining M.P.'s, most of whom were the paid employees of the district miners' associations, represented mining constituencies, had been themselves miners from their early years, and were indebted to the Federation for their electioneering expenses. In the present House there are again over forty miners' members. No other section of the community has such a solid, *ad hoc* representation in Parliament, and this strength naturally has its repercussion on their economic policy. Hence it was that no sooner were they returned reinforced to the Commons in 1923 than they confidently recommended their members to ballot for the termination of the Wages

Agreement, which, since July, 1921, has preserved a somewhat precarious peace in the industry in spite of the distressful depression of the times.

Is there any cause—reasonable or otherwise—to account for this continual bellicose attitude among the miners? Much arises from the nature of the miners' work. Every day the miner is required to descend into the bowels of the earth, to toil in darkness amid dirt and dust and fumes, and surrounded with imminent risk to life and limb. Psychologists tell us that many factory hands develop a "prison complex" in relation to their place of work; if so the miner must feel that his "stall" is not merely the clean-swept prison cell, but the loathsome underground dungeon. Of course, the miner will deny this. The writer has talked to hundreds of them, and while most reveal the existence of this "dungeon complex," all deny its presence. The truth is that the miner, like the rest of us, tries to embrace, or at least to ignore, what he cannot eschew. But this subconscious attitude to his work exercises a constant influence on his daily conduct. Every year in the coal mines one man in seven is injured, and one in every thousand killed, and this continual battle with risks engenders a devil-may-care, reckless attitude to life. By long tradition, for instance, the miner considers himself entitled to take a day off when he wants it, and the higher the wages he gets the more prone is he to absent himself from work.

It would be a fascinating speculation to enquire how far the actual work forms the character of the man engaged in it. The miner undermines and undercuts day by day, and it is a fact beyond dispute that above ground he frequently employs his time in the same way on the constitution of his industry. His policies have always been subversive of the established order, and it may well be that his continual daily task exercises a subtle, ineluctable influence on his character which finds expression in similar experiments on our social strata. We leave the psychologists to point to the constructive economic schemes evolved by the builders and the engineers as further proof of the influence of the daily drag on character.

Of all industrial workers the miner presents the dirtiest

appearance. Anyone who has seen the miner at work at the coal face will retain a vivid picture of the nigger-black head, with the strangely clean and luminous eyes reflected in the dim light and the white streaks of perspiration on the coal-black body. When he appears on the surface in the light of day he is black and dusty and dishevelled—pithead baths are still relatively rare—and he tends to feel, when among his fellows in other walks of life, a sort of outlaw of an inferior caste, which breeds an egoism of outlook and the psychology of the rebel.

Moreover, the miner has inherited a tradition of oppression probably blacker than that of any other worker. It was only in 1799 that the Scottish miners were finally emancipated from serfdom. To this, it is interesting to notice, they objected on the ground that the owners were merely trying to evade the customary bounty payment due to a serf from his lord when the serf's wife bore him a child. Nor were the owners moved by any humanitarian considerations in granting the serf his freedom, but solely with the intention of rendering the industry more attractive so that additional workers might be recruited to it. In any case the conditions surrounding his freedom were certainly calculated to make him idealise his previous bondage. The yearly contracts, the "butty" system, and the truck practice oppressed the worker and degraded his calling. And for these evils of a former generation we needs must suffer. For under these iniquities a revolutionary, illegal, and combative trade unionism struggled for growth, and exists to-day, no longer in spite of the law, but with heavy on it the marks of its desperate fight for life. "The most cruel case," says Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in his book, *Socialism: Critical and Constructive*, "is that of the miners, who, a century ago, were sunk right down to the bottom of the darkest pit of brutish treatment and economic slavery. No social conscience came to their aid. . . . No section of the community has had more injustice done to him by public opinion than the miner. Can it be wondered if he, left to battle his own way to self-respect, returns these feelings with interest?" The stamp of destruction is still clearly marked on that modern Colossus of unions, the Miners' Federation, and explains its fondness for revolutionary policies and tactics. The most recent example of this is the election to the

Secretaryship of the most extreme candidate put forward, Mr. A. J. Cook, of South Wales, who openly boasted after his appointment, "I am still a 'Red' with all that that means."

Lastly, as explaining the miners' mind, importance must be attached to his isolation. Geological and geographical circumstances segregate the miners from other industrial workers. In almost every other case the job, or factory, is located to suit the labour employed; in mining the job or pit is fixed and the worker mobile. Consequently in this industry the modern tendency to localisation has not operated, and coal mining is carried on from Fife to Kent. But once the miner has settled in a particular locality and got accustomed to the type of work required, he tends to remain in that district for life, and the son follows the father down the pit in successive generations. Moreover, many of the pits are situated at a distance from the towns, in the deep valleys of South Wales and in the country districts of Durham and Yorkshire, and this self-contained life promotes an independent and egoistical point of view, which engenders a mass psychology unknown in other industries. Mr. Robert Williams, Secretary of the National Transport Workers' Federation, and, therefore, in spite of the Triple Alliance fiasco, may we presume, a friendly critic, tells us in a book with the ingenuous title, *What We Want and Why*, that "amongst the miners' leaders one does not discover that flexibility, that adaptability, that capacity for adjustment and compromise which has been created in the other organisations by the very nature of the work their members are engaged in."

Recently at a miners' institute in the centre of a colliery district the writer conducted a lengthy tutorial class. For the miners as a sociable lot he entertains the highest regard; the class ended in a warm invitation from several of the members to spend a week-end in their cottages, and every night after his two hours' talking the miners hospitably regaled the lecturer with a mug of beer. These sons of toil have plenty of good-fellowship and heartiness. But in general their education is horribly backward. The best man in the class, an under-manager, wrote essays equal in merit to those of the average honours graduate at the universities. But he was a notable excep-

tion. The mental age of the remainder was certainly not over twelve years. They had the *naïveté* of children, under the guise of adults; they were the most abstract thinkers; they tore statements from their contexts and subscribed to hotly revolutionary doctrines with no knowledge of the system they proposed to uproot, or the substitute they hoped to provide. Moreover, they seemed terribly afraid of what their employer—one of the kindest of men, who always struck the writer as talking like a labour leader—might think, and of the opinion of their fellows. When the men were asked to write essays they agreed to do so only after being assured that their employer would not see them. Nor did they hand in their attempts openly; their method was to waylay the lecturer and then furtively and apologetically to slip them into his hand.

The enormously powerful battering-ram the miner possesses through his industrial federation is out of all proportion to his capacity to use it wisely. There is no sphere in which education is more needed. The comparative failure of adult education among manual workers has been due to the fact that we have never taken it seriously enough to grant adequately favourable conditions for it. The average adult working man, who has to put in a day's work and has probably to act as a domestic drudge in the evening, cannot be expected out of his own time and without some definite incentive to take an educational course seriously. The excellent W.E.A. movement has succeeded, but does not prove the contrary. In Manchester and district, for instance, the largest single class of members are the teachers, who far outnumber the cotton operatives, and in most areas the purely manual worker is in a minority. Education is an acquired appetite, and the average miner has not acquired the appetite. For a scheme to succeed two things are necessary; first, part of the time, say half an hour, should be given from working time, and, second, in considering promotion account must be taken of the worker's educational record.

But education is not enough. The prime condition of success in the administration of the coal industry is the enlisting of the miners' goodwill. How can this be achieved? There can be no quack nostrum. It must be

a slow business to capture the trenches of mistrust and suspicion that separate the parties, and only honest, persistent, high-minded purposefulness can accomplish it. The end of the road no man can know, but the next step is clear. In the first place there must be agreement between the two parties as to fundamentals. Where there is no common platform of accepted principles there can be no co-operation. The present Wages Agreement has had excellent results, in that by automatically correlating wages and profits it has regularised employment, but, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's optimistic prognostications about it, its effect on output and absenteeism has been negligible. With a British output per shift of only one-fifth of that in the U.S.A., our coal trade is in the gravest jeopardy. The problem is how to get the hearty goodwill of the miner.

Without the sobering influence of knowledge the mind can easily fall a prey to grandiose delusions, and economic education is a first essential. The present discontent in the mining industry is fundamentally due to the fact that the owners believe wages should be regulated by the capacity of the industry to pay them; the miners that wages should be determined by the needs of the wage-earners. Further knowledge would enable the miner to discriminate between a cold fact and a warm aspiration. The simple truth is that this aspiration can easily be realised by the miners themselves, *if they work*. Failing this there is no power in heaven or earth which can maintain a reasonable supply of commodities to workers who themselves refuse to produce those commodities.

But, while the slow leaven of education is working, there are certain legislative reforms that could be proceeded with forthwith. The miners have always felt deeply wronged in that so few of the recommendations of the Sankey Commission have ever been put on the Statute book. Associated with the coal industry there are three distinct and quite separate things that may severally be transferred to the ownership of the State—the royalties, the collieries, and the distributive trade in coal. Only in the case of the first of these three did the Sankey Commission make a unanimous recommendation. All four sections of that Commission—the independent chairman, the labour representatives, the independent employers,

and the colliery owners—reported in favour of the State acquisition of royalties. On the question of the nationalisation of the collieries opinion was sharply divided, the chairman and the labour men—seven out of thirteen—were in substantial agreement in favour of that course, but this narrow majority obviously gives the State no warrant for drastic legislation. Again, on the last question all parties agreed that the distribution of coal by private dealers meant inefficiency and waste; the nationalisers advocated State acquisition, while even the colliery owners recommended "that local authorities should be given statutory powers to deal in household coal, not as a monopoly, but in competition with private dealers or co-operative effort, subject to the provision that any losses sustained in such dealing shall not be chargeable to the rates." As Mr. A. D. McNair, the Secretary of the Sankey Commission, points out in a recently issued pamphlet, it would not be necessary for the State actually to find the cash to buy out the royalty holders: all the State need do is to issue to each owner of minerals transferable bonds bearing interest in perpetuity at, say, 5 per cent. We presume that the bill which the Secretary for Mines in the last Parliament had in readiness adopts these principles, and, if so, it should be passed into law forthwith.

But the transference to the State of the ownership and leasing of minerals is one thing, it is quite another to suggest that the State should acquire the business or industry of coal mining. In one case the State merely owns, in the other it runs a commercial business, and there is no justification, either in theory or experience, for thinking it would succeed. As for the question of distribution, the exchanges between the former Secretary for Mines and the London coal merchants seem to render necessary a public enquiry into the whole question. Should the findings be adverse to the private dealers, it would seem a fair and reasonable solution to adopt the coal owners' plan mentioned above, and to leave the municipalities to demonstrate their efficiency before demolishing private enterprise.

These legislative obstacles having been removed, the way is then open for devising means of enlisting the workers' interest in production. Only by granting the psychological conditions on which interest depends can

this be achieved. Put simply, it means that the workers must be encouraged to acquire part ownership of the business to which they give their lives. Up to the extent of that ownership the worker should share by representation in the control and responsibility of the business. For interest almost inevitably follows control. Probably the miners are most interested to-day in their whippets and pigeons and allotments, because there they really control. If the average citizen were deprived of his vote, would this add to his interest in politics? But it is a fact not sufficiently recognised by social pioneers that to give the workers a share in control, without that sobering influence which comes only from the real responsibility of ownership, is to nullify, render futile and completely meaningless the whole process. Divorce control from ownership and the inevitable result is apathy or misuse. For instance, we think the colliery owners and managers were quite justified in refusing in 1921 to operate Part 2 of the Mining Industry Act simply because they knew it meant giving control to men who were convinced of the inefficiency of private enterprise, and quite likely to prove it by their conduct. The only method of ensuring that control should be a nourishing and not a disintegrating force is to ask the workers to qualify for such control by first becoming part proprietors.

Examples of the folly of the opposite procedure are common. During the war the Government controlled industry without owning or being responsible for it; the result was enormous waste. Trade unions exercise a powerful economic and political control over industry, and yet can escape the direct results of that control: hence they often employ this power in no other sense than the ancient highwayman controlled the stage coach. Again, the Whitley Council scheme inaugurated partial control by the workers, but already its provisions seem to have ossified, and the dual organisation of industry into employers and workers seems to have invaded the council chamber, and transformed the intended organs of joint control either into mere grievance committees, or what we may call research committees. The only sound method of progress must consist in attacking that disruptive distinction between owners and workers which lies at the basis of all other separations. Let the workers acquire

part proprietorship with its natural and necessary concomitants of sharing profits and losses, of joint control and joint responsibility.

Just the briefest sketch of how this can be done: every firm would agree to assist its tried and trusted workers to acquire in all up to, say, 35 per cent. of its capital at a rate depending on the amount available annually out of one-half of any profit over, say, 8 per cent. This, for the first year, would be allotted gratuitously in shares, according to the amount each earns annually in wages or salary. For the second year the worker should be required to pay a qualifying contribution of 1*s.* per share, 2*s.* in the third year, and so on; so that by the end of twenty-one years, provided profits have been sufficient for the purpose, the worker would be paying the full par value of the share. When the worker reaches this position of a junior partner further assistance ceases. Should he desire to become senior partner and assume majority control, he can do so only by purchasing shares at the ruling market price. As the worker's holding grows, so also will his control as an ordinary shareholder increase; and when a sufficient quota of shares is held collectively in the works the men would have the usual power of electing a director, as is already done with unqualified success in nine cases in Britain to-day.

Once this position has been attained it would be interesting to hear the miners' views on nationalisation. Too long it has been urged by the "dispossessed" as a means of alienating the other fellow's property. Once the mines are partly owned by the men who give their lives to them, then, and then only, will they be in a position to think accurately and concretely on the question of public ownership, and on such other matters of present importance as the amount of the minimum wage, and the proportion in which profits should be distributed to capital and development, and to wages and needs. Then, also, will be the time to resuscitate Part 2 of the Mining Act of 1920, as by that time the present devastating interference with industry of the wage-earner as trade unionist will be replaced by the cherishing and jealous guardianship of the worker-shareholder.

Uncles and Aunts

By Lady Seymour

In these days of small families it is to be feared that the children of the future will be deprived of some of the most valuable and delightful relationships, and that uncles and aunts will become fewer and fewer and gradually die out.

Parents we shall keep, and an occasional brother and sister to cheer us on our way, but where will the next generation find the constant interest, kindness and help that we (or at least I) have experienced from the affection of uncles and aunts?

It is with feelings of the deepest gratitude that I shall now do my best to pay a small tribute to some of these charming people, many of whom were very well known in their day.

My father was the youngest of a family of one daughter and six sons. My mother's family was still more numerous.

All of my father's family (with the exception of the eldest son) married, so that gave a good many more aunts, and some of them (luckily for their nephews and nieces) had no children.

These were the Romillys, children of the well-known lawyer and philanthropist Sir Samuel Romilly. The Elliots, children of Lord and Lady Minto, of whom my mother was the third daughter, were, with one exception, all married.

The exception, a bachelor, was, I am convinced, of more value than many "maiden aunts" of whom we hear a great deal—but in our experience they did not exist.

But to begin with the Romillys. The eldest of the sons, William, we never knew. He was an artist, and lived abroad, but nevertheless I owe him a debt of gratitude and joy in the possession of a picture which he painted, which has always given me great pleasure. It is a large landscape, a river by which are standing two herons, mountains in the distance, and a beautiful sky. It has often been

taken for a Wilson, and at my parents' death it came into my possession.

The next Romilly uncle was, at the time I first remember, Master of the Rolls. He was a fat, dumpy little man of no particular charm, but was a very kind father to a large family of motherless children. His principal attraction in our eyes was the sumptuous Christmas dinners to which every member of the Romilly family was invited, however young. The huge turkey was always chosen by himself in Leadenhall Market. The fish, which was either a large turbot or cod, was also the best that money could buy; he always carved himself, and if by chance one member of the family did not receive his full share of "sounds" or "liver" or "chestnuts," or whatever the extra delicacy might be, shrill protests were heard from one or other of his sons.

They all called him M'Father, in the way that Eton boys still talk of M'Tutor, which always put me in mind of Jacob and Esau, and he would apologise profusely to them for overlooking such important dainties.

We used to be taken to see "Uncle John" when he went to the opening of Parliament or any other great function, and his black and gold robes and flowing grey wig gave him the dignity required.

In private life, even in the morning, I never saw him in anything but an evening tail coat, black waistcoat, high collar and white tie.

He was not one of our "familiar" uncles, and was reserved for great occasions.

One of these was the annual fish dinner at Greenwich in the summer, which rivalled the Christmas one in its "munificence," and we consumed whitebait, crab *à la* Blue Seal, roast duckling, etc., also unlimited hock and champagne.

I remember feeling very sleepy after one of these banquets, and my mother remonstrating about the Romilly habit of "feasting," which was not the way of the Elliots, who were a far more abstemious race.

My next Romilly uncle, Edward, was also my godfather, and he and his wife, Aunt Sophy, had no children, and their houses, Stratton Street in London and Porthkerry in South Wales, were always my second homes.

Uncle Edward had an appointment in what was then known as the "Audit Office"—in those days it was always at war with the "Treasury," against which establishment Uncle Edward used to fulminate very excitedly; I don't think he was very hard worked, as he went abroad very often, and also spent most of the summer at Porthkerry.

He was the most indulgent and delightful of uncles, rather peppery, especially at the family whist table, where I have often seen him throw down his cards and declare he would play no more. On these occasions his wife (Aunt Sophy) used hurriedly to fetch him his "work" (for he did cross-stitch), and this had such a soothing effect on him that, after a large pinch of snuff, he would settle down to his cushion or slippers and eventually, after a short interval, join in another rubber.

He was a great sender of "Valentines," and I always received one of these beautiful works of art, all silver lace and pink Cupids, in a large cardboard box every 14th of February.

Aunt Sophy was by birth a Genevese (not "Swiss," if you please), a daughter of the well-known Mrs. Marcet of educational fame, and she was as kind to me as Uncle Edward. She used one of the old-fashioned silk purses with rings, and we were sometimes invited to put our finger in and see if anything could be found at the bottom. Curiously enough, we always found the same thing, a gold ten-shilling piece, called by Aunt Sophy "half a suvereign."

In return we had to recite some piece of poetry, Gray's *Elegy* being her favourite, and if I got through that correctly I was much commended.

Uncle Henry Romilly and Aunt Rosa were also childless, and our visits to them in Herefordshire were greatly appreciated.

Uncle Henry was not at all like Uncle Edward; he never lost his temper or got excited, and was as calm and gentle as possible, very kind and quiet. His principal interest was in his garden, in which he spent many hours, always in a black frock coat and a tall hat. He was a great advocate for the abolition of capital punishment, and wrote a book on the subject, which is, I believe, still considered the best argument on the question.

Aunt Rosa was by birth an American, a Miss Morris,

of Philadelphia; her ancestors had been friends of George Washington, and she had letters and relics of the great man.

She had been adopted by the celebrated Edinburgh savant, Dugald Stewart, and his wife, and had never returned to the land of her birth.

The great charms of Huntington, in our eyes, were the sparkling trout stream and the ponies always provided for us to ride about the neighbouring Welsh hills, and, last but not least, the delicious fare provided by Aunt Rosa, whose housekeeping was on a lavish scale—unlimited cream, fruit cakes, etc. Also the fascinating drives in an old-fashioned "barouche landau," the last, I should think, in existence since the days of *Emma*.

We children used to sit on the box behind a splendid postboy in blue jacket and brass buttons, and used to be fascinated by the numerous turnpikes; then if we went any distance we changed horses, but I think the postboy was always the same. At last he disappeared, and I do not think the barouche landau was ever used again.

Uncle Charles was the youngest of the Romillys (except my father). They had both been celebrated for their good looks. Uncle Charles was witty and amusing, even when suffering tortures from gout.

He had a fancy to ornament the top of the bookcase in his sitting-room with human skulls, and it was a joke in the family that a visitor once remarked:

"Oh, Mr. Romilly, I know that one of those skulls is that of your guardian and the other of your tutor, but whose is the third?"

The one sister of the family had married a Scotch laird, Mr. Kennedy, of Dalquharron, in Ayrshire.

Uncle Kennedy spoke broad Scotch, wore a shepherd's plaid instead of a greatcoat, and was in every way a striking character.

His wife had been the eldest of Sir Samuel's children, and was devoted to her brothers, and made a home for them when they were left orphans by the tragic death of their father.

It was always understood that Lord Brougham had sought her in marriage, and she used to give a slight sigh if his name was mentioned.

Poor Aunt Kennedy was a pathetic figure when I remember her, more or less of an invalid. She had one son, born twenty years after her marriage, and the effort had been too much for her. She always called her husband Mr. Kennedy or "Dunure," the name of his property. They had never got on Christian name terms even after fifty years of matrimony.

Whether it was his Scotch accent or his habit of calling me "Little huzzy" and "Sly puss" I don't know, but I went in mortal terror of him.

The Elliots were a well-known Border family—Whigs of the deepest dye. Of course, the Romillys were also Whigs, but with leanings to Radicalism. Anyway, we heard plenty of political talk in our youth, but there never seemed to be the great bitterness and contempt for the opinions of others that became so virulent during and after the 'eighties.

Tories were misguided, well-intentioned people to be tolerated in the same manner as Roman Catholics; but for Mr. Gladstone they reserved a peculiar and special dislike and fear, and I don't think they easily acquiesced in his becoming the leader of their party.

The large clan of Elliots were no doubt cliquey, and I fancy that the outside world did not invariably find them very sympathetic.

Large families are seldom popular, especially if they are devoted to their own society.

The second Elliot daughter, Aunt Fanny, married Lord John Russell as his second wife; she and her eldest sister, Lady Dunfermline, were both very dark, with sallow complexions and much freckled. This was a characteristic of many of the Elliots, for there was a story of my Uncle Henry Elliot (afterwards the well-known diplomatist) sitting on his Aunt Catherine Boileau's knee (she was an Elliot of the older generation) and saying: "Oh, Aunt Catherine, how beautiful you are, yellow with black spots."

The two succeeding daughters were my mother, Lady Elizabeth Romilly, and Aunt Lottie (Lady Charlotte Portal).

The Ladies Elliot were devoted to dolls; indeed, their childhood seems to have been spent principally in their company.

Many of these dolls were preserved—tiny little men or women made of rag or cotton wool and dressed in the quaintest garments. One was the "doctor" of the family; he was about an inch in height and had a very well-made suit of grey cloth, breeches and white stockings. No doubt there was a dolls' house. There certainly was a library, for several tiny volumes are now in my possession.

I think Aunt Fanny was probably the author of most of them, but my mother must have constructed and printed them. She was always very neat fingered, and though extremely short-sighted her eyes were like microscopes, and the print is incredibly tiny, and can only be read with a magnifying glass. The books are about an inch square, and several of them contain over one thousand words.

Extracts from some of these fascinating little volumes are worth recording.

One of them is a vivid and thrilling description of the shipwreck of a family on its passage to India. The author must have read and delighted in the *Swiss Family Robinson*, that glorious story that has thrilled so many succeeding generations. This little book begins with an introduction describing in minute detail the members and ages of the Barlow family and extracts from Mr. Barlow's journal are given. After a graphic account of the tempest and shattering of the ship on a rock, Mr. Barlow proceeds thus:—

"I called my children to me and told Henry and George to get a large wooden dog kennel. They brought it, and I told Emily and my little Mary to get in." (Henry now suggests that it would be well to cover the kennel with pitch and fill it with straw, to which Mr. Barlow readily assents.) The kennel with the family inside is let down into the sea, Mr. Barlow pushing it before him; in this manner they land in a little nook in the rock.

Of course, the Island is of a most beautiful character, quite rivalling the charms of the Swiss Family's home.

They then proceed to construct a raft and revisit the wrecked ship, which is still afloat. The first cabin they enter "was that of an old priest; we found in it a large Church Bible and a pair of razors.

"The next one was that of a dissipated young man named Sir David Shove; his books were *Hart's Complete*

Horseman, two or three novels, *The Art of Angling*, and a book of songs.

"Besides these we found a pair of highly ornamental pistols and a gold watch."

(No other signs of dissipation are produced.)

In Lady Shove's cabin they find "many novels, the *Arabian Nights*, and books of Ladies' Fashions. Also three Canary birds in a cage, a looking-glass and four very good pictures."

The next cabin was that of old Mr. Smith (of whom we hear no more), beyond the fact that there were no less than "five cats, three squirrels, numerous Canary birds, two guinea-pigs, three pretty little lap dogs, a parrot and a monkey."

Mr. Barlow carried the menagerie down to the raft and they return to the Island.

There they fix on a "Commodious" place to build their house, and proceed to search for shellfish for their dinner.

Next day they again visit the ship, and on their return Mr. Barlow finds his wife "busily employed in warming and trying to restore to life the unfortunate Sir D. Shove, who had been washed on shore." "Soon" (he says) "we succeeded in enabling him to speak. I asked him if the persons left on the vessel had escaped. He answered with a sigh—that they all slept in the dark blue sea. 'Amongst others I saw my dear wife go down——'"

The poor "dissipated young man" had no time to finish, he expired in Mr. Barlow's arms.

"His two beautiful and faithful mastiffs, Brutus and Portia, licked him all over, even after he was dead."

Then follows a description of the "commodious" house, the windows of which are made of "horn procured from the bodies of two cows and an ox which are cast on shore."

Here, alas! the narrative ends.

Many of the other little books are of an instructive nature. The dolls' education was not neglected; there are lists of the planets with their distances from the earth, descriptions of the manufacture of useful articles, such as candles, etc. French grammar with the proper way of pronouncing "An, in, on, un," for which sounds they say

it is necessary to grunt like a pig. Another one is on the folly of believing in ghosts, with illustrations of the curious means their father takes to eradicate their superstitions.

There is also a letter addressed to a

"Lord Mounthall,
Chateau de la Tour, Vevay,"

dated September 3rd, 1830.

The first part relates to the illness of one of the family named Ellen and the drastic treatment of the doctors; how one wished to amputate her arm, and how "if we had not come in, it would have been off in a twinkling." Then "Matty" comes out in a rash (with illustration), but eventually the doctors are dismissed and the family "have thrived much better ever since."

The letter finishes off with topical pieces of news. "What a dreadful accident has befell Huskyson (*sic*). This King William is making himself very popular, but I am sorry he has changed the uniform."

Aunt Fanny was so well known after her marriage to Lord John that I need not describe her at length. A most excellent and interesting biography of her has been written by Mr. Desmond McCarthy, but there were a few small traits in her character which have not been recorded.

One of them was her utter indifference to the question of dress.

I remember going with my mother to see her dressed for a drawing-room, and my mother being horrified to see that she had not a single diamond on either her head or neck.

"Fanny," she exclaimed, "what has become of your tiara?"

"Oh," said Aunt Fanny, "I was tired of it and thought I would not wear it again; I like my Scotch pebbles so much better, I thought I would wear them instead of the *rivière*; I have been to Court so often in them."

But my mother was firm and eventually the brilliants replaced the moss agates, much to Aunt Fanny's grief.

A more unworldly character than hers never existed, but she was very clever, and I doubt if Lord John ever took a step without consulting her.

He was very old at the time I remember him; his

youngest daughter Agatha and I were of the same age, and we used to peep through the little gold goats in the staircase in Chesham Place to see the great world go down to dinner.

Pembroke Lodge in the 'sixties and 'seventies was a reunion on Sundays of political and literary celebrities. Lord John once gave me a beautiful dove made of plaster of Paris and filled with bonbons. I think it must have been sent him by some French or Italian admirer as an emblem of peace. Anyway, it came to me and was much appreciated.

In matters of religion Aunt Fanny was a law to herself; she had very real faith, and felt the need of it, which was not the case with all the Elliots. They were most upright, moral men and women, but they had been brought up by their father, who had been a friend of Mirabeau, and was a follower of Voltaire, to think that all religions were more or less "weaknesses" to be suffered and allowed, but not to be encouraged.

Aunt Lotty (Lady Charlotte Portal) was the fourth daughter, and as delightful as Aunt Fanny. She must have been very handsome, and was not nearly so dark as her sisters. She came nearly at the end of the enormous Elliot family, and said that her parents had got so tired of educating so many children that she was left to grow up as she liked without governesses or teaching; but no education is so good as that of a large number of kind brothers and sisters, and in her case the result was a delightful personality.

Of my Elliot uncles the first and foremost was Uncle William, the third Lord Minto.

He had all Aunt Fanny's simplicity and unworldliness and also much of Aunt Lotty's fun and charm. He was a beautiful rider and used to mount me in London in the summer, and also at Brighton, where he and Aunt Nina often spent the winter. It was in this way that I grew to know and love the Downs. He pretended to scorn them, in comparison with the hills of the North Country. "Chalk!" he used to say with an expression of disgust, "a despicable soil," that did not exist north of the Border.

His wife, Aunt Nina, was a brilliant woman, partly an Elliot herself, and steeped in the traditions of the family.

She wrote memoirs of the first Earl, and also of her grandfather, Hugh Elliot, the witty Minister at the Prussian Court.

She was a friend and correspondent of many of the Whig statesmen, particularly of Lord John, and Sir William Harcourt.

The late Mr. Arthur Elliot has written a charming account of his mother, unfortunately only printed for private circulation.

Uncle Henry, the diplomatist, was also very well known.

It was to the generosity of Uncle Edward, who left me some money which enabled me to travel, and to the hospitality of Uncle Henry and his wife that I owe the enjoyment of a delightful summer on the Bosphorus when he was Ambassador at Constantinople.

This was before the days of the Bulgarian horrors and massacres, and he, at any rate, thought the Turks were worthy of our friendship.

To the "Little Admiral," Sir Charles, I also owe some happy times. He had the command at the Nore, and I was hardly grown up when I used to stay with him and accompany him and his staff on his rides over the Isle of Sheppey. He was so kind and simple, it was impossible not to love him.

Last, but not least, was Uncle George, "Doddy" to his brothers and sisters and many others who must still remember him and his beloved dogs. "Brandy," a red retriever who at Minto once dashed into the children's dining-room on the ground floor and seized our leg of mutton, leaving us dinnerless, and "Whisky," a very dignified Dandie Dinmont, who never would have behaved in such fashion.

Uncle George was almost an inmate of our house in London, always to be relied on to play the part of deputy parent, and the originator and helper in all our games, puzzles or entertainments. It is no wonder that I feel such gratitude to my many uncles and aunts and that I cannot help pitying the future generation, who, I fear, may never know the joy in the possession of these (generally) most delightful members of the human race.

A Meeting of Shareholders

By Kamasu

HAVING tired himself out with base comparisons, the Chief was silent, but Abraham Isaacs was not one whit abashed: his bright eyes rolled round the Court seeking an adherent here, a gleam of sympathy there, and finding neither.

The Lavari, or speaker, who sat beside the Chief, raised his voice: "A man who asks for money and offers nothing in return, who having already taken money on which profit was promised and never having gathered the profit but having eaten the money, demands more as if by right, and even with threats—it is the talk of a fool or a child."

"Or a rascal," put in the Chief. There was a murmur of applause in Court.

An Arab wrapped in loose white gown and turban, from the shadow of which his aquiline face gazed yellowly forth, ventured a remark. "The Chief himself," he murmured, "has lost money through this business. How, then, can the Chief talk the palaver?" A glance of mutual understanding flashed between him and Abraham Isaacs. The Chief growled threateningly.

"Is this not my country?" he said.

"But Ibrahima is not one of your people," said the Arab softly. This was true. Isaacs was classified by the Government as a non-native, which means that, having received a Mission education and become a trader, he had thrown off his tribal allegiance and called himself a British citizen or Black Englishman—the title claimed by the miserable descendants of the freed slaves who inhabit the littoral of certain parts of West Africa.

Isaacs was watching the faces of the Chief and his counsellors. He read their thoughts and spoke quickly. "If the big Mori-men (Mohammedans) will talk the palaver I shall be satisfied." It was a clever move. He knew the Chief was afraid of the Mohammedan hierarchy in the district, and would hardly dare to oppose openly

their claim to interfere in his Court. Such a right, of course, was non-existent, but it is ill quarrelling with men who can blight a tribe with disease, ruin the rice crop, and turn black men into monkeys.

But there was a man in the Court whose fear of the Mori-men was in inverse ratio to the hatred he felt for Isaacs, who years ago had stolen his wife and had subsequently "got right" when the case was tried.

"This is a case for the D.C. (District Commissioner's) Court," said Beah-Yemi emphatically.

The Arab gazed at the ground and fingered his beads. Cunningly the Chief affected to ponder.

"Ibrahima," he said, "says he is a white man's 'pickin,' and this palaver of his he says is of a kind done frequently by white men. Lavari, do you think this palaver should go to the D.C.?"

"Pujeh," burst out Isaacs excitedly, "is without brain and takes many bribes." A chorus of disapproval checked him for the moment, and he glared malevolently round the Court. "Pujeh is a small boy," he continued defiantly. "I will try and teach him sense. If he will not learn I will hire a lawyer and carry my case before the judge in the red *lappa*. Then you will have my expenses as well to pay."

The Chief listened with an apprehensive eye on the Arab: the Lavari nudged him and whispered into his ear.

"Pujeh," said the Chief slowly, "said he would be here when the moon was full. That is three days. It will be easy to talk the palaver then."

"It is a lie," retorted Isaacs insolently, "he will not come until tax time."

The old Chief stiffened in his chair. His eyes snapped with rage. A threatening murmur rose from the crowd sitting round the Court.

"Dog," said the Chief, "slave son of a diseased mother, do you tell the Paramount Chief he lies in his own Court?"

Isaacs saw he had gone too far, and cast an uneasy look towards the Arab. At this moment there came a ripple of mirth from the crowd. He turned his head and saw a native policeman, his red fez stuck jauntily on his woolly head, his rifle at the slope, padding briskly past the Barri:

behind him a string of carriers lurched along under their loads; a man in handcuffs guarded by two policemen followed; then came more carriers, sweating and grunting; and a native clerk in kid boots, puttees, a pink shirt and a bowler hat brought up the rear.

"Pujeh, Pujeh comes!" went the hissing whisper.

The Arab faded away in the unobtrusive manner indicated by Longfellow. The face of Isaacs became watchfully impassive. The Chief rose with a beaming smile. "Go," he shouted, "bring a sheep, eggs, rice, palm wine. Bring many gifts! The D.C. has a free hand, and will return much better ones!"

* * * * * *

The D.C., having finished his frugal lunch, went out into the verandah, where his deck chair had been put out in the coolest corner. The mud and wattle house was as cool as a house in that climate could be, but even so Pujeh (Pepper) was in a gentle perspiration.

He opened a month-old review and began to read. The sun poured its rays down on to the other end of the verandah. Outside, a thousand little yellow weaver birds flew and chittered in and out of the lime tree where they built their innumerable nests. The noise of disputing natives, softened by distance, floated up from the river bank. A fat blue and orange lizard lay and watched the white man with unwinking eye. Pujeh's pipe fell from his mouth and the lizard fled: Pujeh's breath came audibly and evenly from between his lips. Pujeh dreamed: he dreamed of a trout stream in Scotland, of honey in the comb and linen sheets and lavender, and he smiled in his sleep.

Presently came Abraham Isaacs, clad in a black soutane, looking like a carrion crow that had lost its beak and forgotten how to hop. He gazed hungrily in upon the D.C., as though he thought to hypnotise him in his sleep. Hidden in his breast he fingered a charm designed to cloud the white man's brain and darken his eye. Under his arm he carried books and papers. His lips moved as he rehearsed to himself the speech he intended to make. His heart was full of hate, greed, and anxiety, and yet he thought vaguely that in finding the white man thus innocently sleeping he was starting with an advantage.

With a sudden shock he became aware of two cold blue eyes regarding him, while the voice of Pujeh said:

"Well, Isaacs, stolen any more women lately?"

Isaacs sniggered, and with subservient noises intimated that the white man was pleased to jest.

"I got right in that palaver, sir. It was a plot to spoil my name. He, he, he!" he giggled.

"Well, what do you want now? And why can't you wait till I hold court to-morrow morning?"

"The palaver is a big one, sir," began Isaacs volubly in his best English, "so I have brought up my books so that you may see how the matter stands clearly before those uneducated people can spoil the whole word with lies and foolishness. The matter is this. When I came up to Rambina to float our company——"

"What!" ejaculated the D.C.

"A company," explained Isaacs kindly, "raises money by the sale of the shares: the money is then put into the business and the profits are divided among the shareholders *pro rata*."

"Is that so?" asked the D.C. in an interested voice. "I believe I have heard of such practices. Go on."

"They are common in business circles," said Isaacs indulgently. "My partner remained on the coast while I came up to Rambina to interest the Chief and people in the scheme. I may say that many important Mission agents gave their high approval at my efforts in the cause of light and progress."

"No doubt," said Pujeh drily.

"The Chief and the big men at once saw the advantages of my proposal, and the immediate capital necessary was subscribed. It was mainly paid in kernels, kolas, and rice, and I had much trouble in converting it into cash wherewith to buy the necessary store and house. When this had been done it became necessary to purchase the stock, to give credits, to open branches. It was necessary to call for the unpaid balance on the shares. But see what these people are like! They will not pay! Having involved me in the scheme they refuse to pay up the balance due, and, more, demand that their money shall be returned! I would certainly have gone down to the coast and seen my lawyer about it, but, hearing that you were

coming, and as you are our Big Man, I bring the palaver to you."

Isaacs paused and looked expectantly at the D.C., who asked, with apparent irrelevance,

"Who does that big house belong to? The new one with the 'pan' roof and the cement floor?"

"Me," said Isaacs. "I mean," he added quickly, "the company."

"Must have cost a good deal, eh?" said Pujeh negligently.

"It was very dear," said Isaacs eagerly, "to bring up the cement, the timber, the iron—ah, it was dear past mark! And the Chief he knows this, and yet he will not pay and he will not make his people pay. All day I try but I cannot learn him sense. How, I say, can we proceed without more cash? He will give no better answer!"

"Have you got many shareholders?"

"Many, sir! Past a hundred. They could easily raise the balance on the unpaid shares if the Chief would make them."

"Must be rather a tight fit for them in the house, big as it is. How do they like it?"

"Who?" asked Isaacs in astonishment.

"The shareholders, of course."

"The shareholders do not live in the house."

"Who does then?"

Isaacs cleared his throat: beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

"There is a big store, very big: it will hold fifty tons of kernels. My partner and I had much talk about it before we decided on the size. It was much trouble to build. Then there is the shop: it is nearly as big as that of the French company. And now I will show you my books and all the papers, and you will see the palaver quite clearly—how it stands."

"But who lives in the house?"

"Oh, the house," said Isaacs airily. "I have gone there just at present: it was thought right that, as chairman and director-in-chief, I should live there—temporarily."

"But who is to live there permanently?"

Isaacs licked his lips. There was a gleam of impotent fury in his narrow eyes.

"My partner and his family, I and my family, others perhaps."

"Seems an imposing residence," said the D.C. "I noticed you had some more men stopping with you. No doubt you have plenty of room for visitors."

Isaacs became busy with his papers and advanced a step. The D.C. waved him away.

"*Manaña*," he said. "To-morrow we will hold a grand meeting of the shareholders and go into the matter thoroughly. Good-bye, Isaacs, or rather *au revoir*."

Isaacs appeared rather loth to leave. "But, sir," he began, "I have much more to explain——"

"To-morrow," repeated the D.C. "To-morrow we will interview the infuriated shareholders. I trust there will be no panic in the City; I hope no financial magnate will kill himself. We shall see. Meanwhile, Isaacs, I dislike having to give an order twice. Will you go away?"

Isaacs went, probably to "hang head," as he termed it, with the Mori-men. The D.C. had tea and then settled down to write a report on "The Suspected Atrocities of a Human Crocodile Society in this District." He was in the throes of authorship when he became aware of a pungent odour of scent and palm oil, a combination which "turned the live air sick," and without turning his head he was prepared to lay any odds that a wife of Abraham Isaacs was in the vicinity.

She was. A well-nourished damsel with a bright-coloured kerchief on her head, a velvet gown wrapped about her middle, regarded him coyly out of sloe-like eyes while she slowly chewed a root of cassava.

"Evening, sar," she chanted in a hoarse though not unmusical voice.

Pujeh replied in the language of her tribe. "Good evening. If you want to see one of my boys, go round to the kitchen. Do not stay here, because the scent you have rubbed on your body makes me feel sick."

"Me no hearee that talk!" said the charmer indignantly. Pujeh continued to write. The damsel gazed with interest about the house and spat out a shower of chewed cassava.

"Marstah!" she whined. Pujeh wrote industriously.

"Me fink you fine man. You fine past all white men.

You eye fine. You strong. Me plenty gladdy for see you, marstah!"

Pujeh continued to write.

Mrs. Isaacs laughed to herself in the manner of one who knows how to appreciate a rather intricate joke. Then she sat down suddenly and crossed her legs. Pujeh gave a sigh, leant back in his chair and blew a whistle. His orderly came running.

"Take this woman back to Isaacs," he said briefly.

With a wide ivorine grin the man obeyed, though not without difficulty. It was quite five minutes before the protests of the D.C.'s caller died down in the distance. Stifled laughter came from the kitchen, and there was certainly a twinkle in the eyes of Pujeh as he continued to write.

* * * * * *

The shareholders came in great force the following morning. As he approached the Court the D.C. saw Beah-Yemi and a gentleman in cotton drawers and a mackintosh engaged in a duet of which the theme was undoubtedly Isaacs, who stood boldly with folded arms in the middle of the "Barri," while a small and trembling boy held an armful of books and papers.

The old Chief sat among his Counsellors, his skinny hands covered with heavy silver rings, which gave him the appearance of being armed with knuckle-dusters. His wrinkled face, surmounted by a cap of velvet and gold embroidery, was turned anxiously at Pujeh with an odd expression compounded of fear and affection.

The D.C. handed his helmet to a policeman and sat down with a portentous frown at his folding table. His two office boxes—loads most abhorred by carriers—gaped open on either side of him. He gazed keenly round the Court, and every pair of eyes fell as they met his.

"I see no Mori-men here?" he said interrogatively to the Chief.

"They have not come," answered the Lavari.

"Good," said Pujeh.

He opened an inkpot, placed a memo. pad in front of him, leant back in his chair, and addressed the meeting.

"The palaver is this. Ibrahima came to your town with promises to make you rich. See what trouble greed of

money brings! Ibrahima said: 'Give money and we will build a factory, we will fill it with goods; we will buy kolas, kernels, ginger and rubber from the Bush people, who know not the proper value of these things. These things we will send to the coast in boats and sell at great profit. Thereby shall great riches accrue to us in due season.' Is it so?"

"Yah-pee-ee!" came the chorus of affirmation.

"You paid the money and the store was built," proceeded Pujeh. "Ibrahima told you, first pay half, the balance will fall due perhaps some day, but not yet. To that last you paid no heed. You were eager to be rich. Now the money falls due to be paid: you will not pay. Is it so?"

"That is exactly the case, your worship," gabbled the delighted Isaacs.

"I will now," went on the D.C., "examine the books of Ibrahima. I will explain them to you. After I have done that those who wish to talk may do so."

The books of the West African General Produce and Development Company were laid on the table. The loose papers were so tattered, filthy and hieroglyphical that they defied any but an expert examination. However, an exercise book that still retained its cover furnished a list of the shareholders with their marks opposite their names and witnessed by the company-promoter himself and the Chief's clerk—Theophilus B. Macaulay.

"Stand up, Gegbah," said the D.C.

The clerk, who loathed being addressed by his native name, stood up. The D.C. read out the names to him.

"You saw all these make their marks?"

"Yes, sah."

"How much did these small men pay?"

"One pound each, sar."

"How much did the Chief pay?"

"Fifty pounds, sar."

"Are there any Mori-men in this?"

The clerk swallowed twice and replied, "No, sar."

"You lie. Sit down."

After a further examination of the books the D.C. looked at Isaacs and said, "These amounts reach a thousand pounds." Isaacs, who was boiling with his desire to speak, now overflowed altogether.

"A thousand pounds, your worship! Two pound shares and one pound on each payable last year. Now the call comes for the balance. All is held up. We lack our stock, we lack our boats. All this time business might be progressing, but all is held up, and these people will not see not only that they are humbugging me but themselves also! They have promised to pay: they made their marks, all was explained to them. Why, then, will they not pay?"

"Why, then, will they not pay?" echoed the D.C., looking at the Chief.

"What am I to do?" seethed Isaacs, gesticulating furiously, while his eyes rolled round and round the Court. "It will be very serious for me, your worship! I shall have to engage a lawyer, but that will occupy time, and as a business man my time is valuable. It is indeed outrageous that these people should use me so!"

"After all," said the D.C., "the money is theirs. I don't see that you are out of pocket."

"Sir," shrieked Isaacs, "much, very much of my money is concerned in this! The house, the store cost very much, the expenses were very great—enormous!"

"Yes?" said Pujeh. "Just let me see the receipts for the house and buildings, will you?"

The face of Isaacs took on a sudden and wonderful change; a harsh peal of laughter came from Beah-Yemi, who, with his friend in the cotton drawers, had secured a prominent position among the squatting shareholders.

Pujeh fixed him with a glittering eye.

"You are mixed in this palaver? You have advanced money to Ibrahima?"

"I trust Ibrahima as I would a crocodile!" replied Beah-Yemi, and spat vehemently on the mud floor. Pujeh watched him carefully and then turned to Isaacs. "Well?" Isaacs had recovered himself. "I have not got them here, your worship. I left them down the river at Kemoh. But I will get them. As for that man who has just spoken, you will remember, your worship, how he 'got wrong' in that case about a woman when he wrongfully accused me. Ever since then he spoils my name, curses my mother, and tries to make 'rowl' with me."

"Yes?" Pujeh fixed Isaacs with a pale blue glare and barked suddenly in English:

"Have you paid that £500 to the Dutch company in Monrovia?"

It says much for Isaacs' vitality that this wholly unexpected bomb did not crumple him up entirely. Heartily he cursed inwardly the Mori-man who had supplied him with expensive charms to darken the eye and brain of the D.C., and heartily he cursed the white men and all their works. With a gasp and a violent effort he pulled himself together.

"That is another palaver, Sir. That has nothing to do with this one."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," said the D.C. meditatively, "but I am inclined to think it has."

But at this point Beah-Yemi, so to speak, threw his hat into the ring and jumped after it.

"Men," he shouted, "fear the Government, fear lawyers, and fear Mori-men, but what is true is true, and I am too old to fear to say it! This thing has been done by power, and if the Governor's brother wish to slay me he must slay me!"

At once the Court was filled with cries of horror and consternation. The old Chief tottered to his feet and shook his staff at the speaker; the Lavari, panic written clearly on his face, caught him by the shoulder and hissed warningly into his ear amid the uproar. The D.C. did not fail to note the terror-stricken face of Isaacs.

"Silence!" roared Pujeh, and at length the police calmed the meeting. "What is the meaning of this disturbance?" he asked the Chief angrily.

The old Chief looked helplessly at him, and then turned to his Counsellors for assistance: none seemed forthcoming.

"It is ill to slander big men," he said quaveringly. "If the Governor's brother wishes to make money, who are we to humbug him?"

Pujeh gazed at him in astonishment.

"It is a matter which should not be mentioned," said the Lavari. "Beah-Yemi shall have a heavy fine put on him."

"Five cows," said the Chief, his eyes on the D.C.'s

face, "ten cows and many heads of cloth. But what I believe is that the Big Man who is Ibrahima's partner knows nothing of Ibrahima's attempt to pull more money from us."

"What big man?" demanded the D.C., annoyed at this fresh development. There were immediate cries of "Hush," and Pujeh's face turned a dull red. "Beah-Yemi," he said in a mild voice which the shareholders hated to hear. "Come forth and make clear your words."

The Chief gave a groan of despair. Isaacs fingered his charm and muttered prayers in English and Arabic. Beah-Yemi, nothing loth, stood forth.

"Listen," he said. "I am an old man and I have few days in life, and, therefore, I have few fears. I do not fear Ibrahima, I do not fear the Mori-men. I do not fear the Governor's brother, because he is a white man and well-born, and therefore just. I say that he does not know what Ibrahima is doing, for he must have so much money that he cannot want to plunder black men!"

"The Governor's brother!" ejaculated the astounded D.C.

"It was said," proceeded Beah-Yemi, "that no word should be spoken about the Big Man. Ibrahima said he was proud and wished it not known that he mixed in a black man's palaver. Therefore he came not to the country, but when the people saw his face in the book they were glad. They said such a man must be good at business, and that he and Ibrahima would make much money. But Ibrahima and the Mori-men made all who paid money swear on strong medicine that they would never show the true word about the Governor's brother."

"Isaacs," said the D.C., "where is the book?"

Uncertain noises came from Isaacs. It was gathered that he had left the "book" with the receipt for the house expenses.

"Ha!" shouted Beah-Yemi decisively. "There were many of these books. See! I have one, though Ibrahima knew it not. Look, oh Pujeh, look upon the face of the Governor's brother."

A crumpled piece of blue paper setting forth the purposes and capital of the West African General Produce and Development Company was placed on the table. But

what first leapt to the eye of the startled Commissioner were two photographs—or rather prints—which appeared one on each side of the printed matter. One showed the features of Abraham Isaacs extended in an oily grin above a stiff white collar, while the other. . . . Surely it was strangely familiar—the grey top hat, the massive shoulders filling the well-fitting frock coat, the eyeglass, the patriarchal beard, and shrewd yet benignant smile!

"Surely," thought the D.C., as he surveyed with twitching lips the pleasing appearance of the Napoleon of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, "he has fallen into strange company since I last saw him conversing with a duchess in the Park!"

He refolded the paper and, composing his features with an effort, addressed the anxious shareholders.

"The word is this. This is not the Governor's brother. This is a big trader man in England. I know him. He does not know Ibrahima. He has never heard of Ibrahima. Ibrahima is a liar. As for you, you are all fools. See what trouble greed of money brings! Now listen. The money is all spent, but you need spend no more. What remains? The house and perhaps a few goods that may help to satisfy you. The goods, if any, we will divide up, the house we will sell. There are traders down the river who will buy the house: the money will be shared up. Who gave a pound will get a pound, or, if the money is not enough perhaps 10s., perhaps 15s. Is it understood?"

An exultant roar answered him.

"Good. We will now go to the house and make what is called an inventory. What did you say, Isaacs?"

But Isaacs was for the time past speech. He tried to say something about a distress warrant, but the words would not come. Kindly but firmly the old Mandingo police-sergeant led him from the Court behind the Commissioner, while the shareholders followed in the manner of those who attend a carnival.

But when they reached the house they found that the entire contents had disappeared. So had the Mori-men.

* * * * * *

If there was any good point about Abraham Isaacs it was that he never knew when he was beaten. It said

more for his heart than his sense that he appeared again in the town that evening to throw a few venomous insults at the Chief before leaving. However, the Police Sergeant saved him from any serious damage.

"Exit Mr. Montague Tigg," murmured the D.C., as through his binoculars he watched Isaacs vigorously swimming across the river to the security of the Kemoh shore. "A pity to introduce such acerbity into business relations! Well, I must make a note of this in the Intelligence Book."

The entry ran as follows:—

"West African General Produce and Development Coy. At the first extraordinary meeting of the shareholders at Rambina on —th April, 19—, it was unanimously decided that the prosperity of the Company not having attained the pitch that had been expected, it was advisable to wind up the affairs of the Company without delay and pay the shareholders pro rata without calling on the unpaid capital. This done, a vote of censure was passed on the Chairman, the Directors, the Secretary, the Solicitors, the Treasurer, the Bankers, the Auditor, and the Company's expert. He left the Chiefdom the same day—by water."

The Older Generation

By B. Ifor Evans

THE attack on the Victorian Age has gone on too long, and it would appear that the end is not yet. It is a quarrel that the younger generation inherited from its fathers, and in some mysterious way insists upon regarding as its own innovation. Every half-baked undergraduate seems to think he inaugurated the reaction against Tennyson, and in the indictment against Tennyson the whole of the Victorian Age is made to stand condemned. In part it has been a matter of useless and impertinent scurrilities, in which references to an ageing Queen and the Albert Memorial have been painfully frequent; but even enlightened criticism has played a prominent part in the attack. The simple fact is that, as far as Tennyson is concerned, he, like Wordsworth, wrote verse of mediocre value along with his great poetry, but the evidence is ample that his contemporaries distinguished with ease between the true and the false in his work. These Victorians would not tolerate the Victorianism of Tennyson, they recognised the gleam but they knew, too, how far it was to be followed. Half a century ago, George Meredith wrote to his friend William Hardman: "The figures in the Holy Grail are Dresden china. If he has hit the mind of his age as it seems, the age too has hit him and knocked the spontaneity out of him. But both are worthier than they show. Gold, the go-between, the abominable Sir Pandarus, has corrupted them." Meredith was not here, as so often, somewhat perversely contrary to the spirit of the age. When, in the autumn of 1872, *Gareth and Lynette* appeared, the *Athenæum* asked its readers, in their own interests and in that of the poet, to extract as much beauty as they could from the poem but to pay no heed to the moral. It is the same verdict that we find in Canon Dixon: "Tennyson had invented a new poetry: his use of words was new, and every piece he wrote was the conquest of a new region. This lasted until *Maud* in 1855, which was the last poem that mattered." Similar evidence of discriminating contemporary criticism of Tennyson's work could be produced almost indefinitely, but the long abuse continues, and in it the whole age seems involved. Why does it go on?

There are three main reasons. First, in our facile generalisations about Victorianism we forget that, apart from Tennyson, the great literary figures of that age were in continual revolt. Arnold's attack on education and the conventional idea of God; Ruskin with the St. George's Guild, practical failure though it may have seemed to be; Morris, first in the matter of wall-papers and upholstery and then in the question of society itself; Carlyle and even Dickens and Thackeray, rebels all! The ultimate truth and the contradiction of the popular fallacy is that the first critics of conventional Victorianism were the great Victorians themselves. Secondly, literary issues are being continually confused by generalisations from furniture, and architecture, and morals, and even clothes. But Tennyson at his worst cannot be explained by reference to red plush and crinolines. The third error we would consider more fully. It is that the younger generation cannot understand that a whole generation lies between them and the Victorians. They insist in some strange way in regarding the Victorians as their immediate forbears. They ignore the facts—that Tennyson was writing to some purpose nearly a hundred years ago; that Browning published *Pauline* ninety years ago; that Carlyle was gathering the stormy elements of his style a hundred years before their day. Our immediate purpose is to examine the standards of this intermediate age, this older generation of long reaction and attack on Victorian standards, and so to get it in some historical relationship to the Victorian age and our own time. The leaders of the older generation include Mr. Thomas Hardy, who published *Under the Greenwood Tree* in 1872, Mr. G. B. Shaw, a juvenile "ancient" of sixty-eight, and as members in the older fifties, Messrs. Wells, Bennett and Galsworthy, and many others less easily grouped as leaders of a movement, while the contrast can be seen quite as clearly in the work of a much earlier writer, George Meredith, whose work was coming out contemporaneously with that of George Eliot, but with much less noise. Our contention is that these men, with many others, challenged social, moral and religious standards, broke up the shapes they could not admire, and refashioned them to the pattern of their desire, and that, as far as the work of mere reaction is concerned, it was completed before the younger generation appeared.

The main attack on the Victorian age was that it was a period of compromise and concealment; the people in the drawing-room never knew the condition of the kitchen and the drains. The older generation spent most of their time with the drains. Their main object was not so much to put them right as to make sure that they should be smelt in the drawing-room. There was some justification for the attack. William Morris in his poetry writes generously that love is enough. One is nearly led to think that he believes it, but he comes to write the truth in one of his letters in 1886. He is telling Burne-Jones that he wishes he had his life over again in order to devote it to the Socialist movement, and then adds: "I wish I were not so damned old. If I were but twenty years younger! But then you know there would be the female complication somewhere. Best as it is after all." What would Azalais have said if she had heard Pharamond refer to her as "the female complication"!

This attack upon the Victorians for their concealment of certain phases of life can be seen most clearly in the novel. Certain incidents, certain subjects, the respectable Victorian novelist admits that he cannot discuss. Anthony Trollope in *Barchester Towers* furnishes an aggressive example of this "conspiracy of silence." Mrs. Proudie has retired to her room in deep dudgeon, and Bishop Proudie sooner or later must follow. This is all that Trollope has to say:

> Could he trust himself to come down to breakfast a free man in the morning?
>
> He was nearly an hour later than usual, when he betook himself to his rest. Rest! what rest? However, he took a couple of glasses of sherry, and mounted the stairs. Far be it from us to follow him thither. There are some things which no novelist, no historian, should attempt; some few scenes in life's drama which even no poet should dare to paint. Let what passed between Dr. Proudie and his wife on this night be understood to be among them.
>
> He came down the next morning a sad and thoughtful man.

But when one of the older generation is faced with a similar scene he attempts what "no novelist, no historian should attempt." Mr. H. G. Wells in *Marriage* has to discuss a domestic dissension somewhat similar to that which Trollope passes over in silence. Mr. Wells, conscious of no embargoes, enters into a full description with gusto. He describes Mr. Pope's conduct after the Marjorie-Trafford incident.

> Availing himself of the privileges of matrimony, [Mrs. Pope's] husband, as soon as Mr. Magnet had gone and they were upstairs together, had explained the situation with vivid simplicity, and had gone on at considerable length and with great vivacity to enlarge upon his daughter's behaviour. He ascribed this moral disaster—he presented it as a moral disaster of absolutely calamitous dimensions—entirely to Mrs. Pope's faults and negligences. Warming with his theme, he had employed a number of homely expressions rarely heard by decent women except in these sacred intimacies, to express the deep indignation of a strong man moved to unbridled speech by the wickedness of those near and dear to him. Still warming, he raised his voice and at last shouted his more forcible meanings, until she feared the servants and the children might hear, waved a clenched fist at imaginary Traffords and scoundrels generally, and at last, giving way to his outraged virtue, smote and kicked blameless articles of furniture in a manner deeply impressive to the female intelligence.
>
> Finally he sat down in the little arm-chair between her and the cupboard where she was accustomed to hang up her clothes, stuck out his legs very stiffly across the room, and despaired of his family in an obtrusive and impregnable silence for an enormous time. . . .

And so it goes on. The older generation in revolt against Victorianism grows determined to express all its mind, even if it is not a very pleasant mind.

The contrast of the two standards, as far as they refer to social codes, can be followed in the history of the adjective "respectable." Somewhere in the lifetime of the older generation that word passed over from the credit to the debit side of a man's social assets. Mr. Dorrit used the adjective with all honest intention when he spoke of his daughter: "It will be necessary to find a milliner, my love. Something must be done with Maggy, too, who at present is barely respectable." That was in 1855, and as late as 1866 Fitzgerald could speak of the complete collection of "the more respectable English essayists" with an intention of sincere approval. But in the 'eighties and the 'nineties reaction sets in and the word loses caste. In 1889 Andrew Lang writes of Tennyson: "The Idylls are free of Victorian respectability, and love of talking with Vivien about what is not so respectable." It is that bridge between life and the conventional portraiture of life which Mr. Wells describes: "He wanted to be like King Arthur with the merest touch of Sir Lancelot." With this new licence of expression the social and class barriers which were rigidly maintained in the Victorian novel largely disappear. Thackeray is ever conscious of the difference in breed between a wealthy banker and a man of family, while mere "trade" is always ashamed of

its origin, and the young "beau" whose father has made money in commerce is ever trying to disguise the source of his wealth. But by the end of the older generation trade is triumphant; Tono-Bungay is enthroned, and the landed classes are self-confessed paupers. Meredith, whose intellectual sympathies are with the older generation, disguises his position by retaining at the request imperative of his own Comic Muse strict distinctions of class, but elsewhere in the novel the change is without exception.

While the social contrasts are obvious, the change in the contours of religion and philosophy are no less easily defined. Yet within those frontiers of belief and abstract thought the older generation and the Victorians opposed their forces most formidably. Most of the big Victorians began life with a faith and ended it with an honest doubt. To Tennyson the resultant position is one within the traditional codes of belief and coupled with a cheerfully optimistic faith in inevitable progress. To others, such as Matthew Arnold, the end of thinking brings the construction of an intellectual faith which gives no emotional satisfaction. The great figures of the older generation inherit the honest doubt and construct upon it, without any teleological commitments, a new belief, personal but complete, a synthesis of their knowledge and their faith, embracing, and converting into ethic, as much science and biology as they know. It is that reconstruction which leads variously to Meredith's Idea of Earth, to the Overworld of Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*, to Mr. Shaw's *Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet* and *Back to Methuselah*. Like many other tendencies of the period, it can be seen at its clearest, in broad, vulgar outlines, in the voyage of Mr. H. G. Wells from mechanism to mysticism. Victorian religion was a social religion; a ceremony that was commonly shared with symbols and a vocabulary intelligible to all people. The faith of the older generation is the personal faith of isolated men whose essence, however much they may try to explain, remains in its incommunicability. The older generation believes that the social faith of the Victorians was a sham, and somewhere, in almost all the writers we have mentioned, there can be found a satirical description of the Victorian forms of belief. A typical example is found in Mr. Arnold

Bennett's description of the God of the Wesleyan Methodist Church on Duck Bank.

> And there floated above them, in the intense and prolonged silence, the clear vision of Jehovah on a throne, a God of sixty or so with a moustache and beard, and a non-committal expression which declined to say whether or not he would require more bloodshed: and this God, destitute of pinions, was surrounded by white-winged creatures that wafted themselves to and fro, chanting; and afar off was an obscene monstrosity, with cloven hoofs and a tail, very dangerous and rude and interfering, who could exist in the middle of a coal-fire and who took a malignant and exhaustless pleasure in coaxing you by false pretences into the same fire; but of course you had too much sense to swallow his wicked absurdities.

Strangely enough, there is a mid-Victorian parallel for this comic-satiric description of a social religion in Browning's *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*. The essential contrast remains that Browning, at the close of his poem, grows into sympathy with the forms which he has earlier condemned, while the older generation treat such worship consistently as a stupid and meaningless performance. The older generation, while abolishing a generally received standard in belief, abolishes at the same time as a necessary corollary any uniform standards in morality and personal conduct. For this element in its doctrine it finds an admirable testament in the social dramas of Ibsen.

The contrast of the Victorian view and that of the older generation can be seen in the contrast between *Jane Eyre* and the dramas of Ibsen. In Charlotte Brontë's novel Rochester, while he is married to a maniac wife, asks Jane Eyre, after he has failed to commit bigamy with her, to live with him. She refuses, in the belief that this would be sin, and it is only the convenient suicide of Mrs. Rochester which permits of their final marriage. Rochester himself allows at the close that Jane's refusal of him was right. "Jane," he tells her, "you think me, I daresay, an irreligious dog; but my heart swells with gratitude to the beneficent God of this earth just now. He sees not as man sees, but far clearer; judges not as man judges, but far more wisely. I did wrong; I would have sullied my innocent flower—breathed guilt on its purity; the Omnipotent snatched it from me." In Ibsen the contrast is complete. From the conversations of Mrs. Alving and Pastor Manders and of the Helmers it is seen that blind obedience to the dictates of some external authority, social or religious, may lead to the corruption

of the individual personality and to sin. *The Enemy of the People* shows that society is a poisoned stream of unhealthy compromise, against which the individual must pose his ideal personal attitude; convention and religious standards are the prejudices of the compact majority. As Rosmer tells Rebecca West in *Rosmersholm*: "There is no judge over us, we must judge ourselves." If the older generation had re-written *Jane Eyre* Providence would have disappeared from the list of *dramatis personæ*; Jane Eyre would have seen that the only moral course for the right development of her personality would have been to become the mistress of Rochester, and Mrs. Rochester, all without suicide, would be the living effigy at which a tirade at the modern system of divorce could be hurled.

With these conclusions the older generation builds up, each for himself, a standard of conduct, the expression in action of his personal faith. Often the resultant position is strenuous, and quickly keen. For Meredith it is a form of life which leaves no loophole for the attack of the Comic Spirit; with Mr. Wells it is rather vaguely the condition of the personality when it is conscious of growth. Mr. Shaw has expressed very vividly what it means for him in the preface to *Man and Superman*. "This is the true joy of life, the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." Whatever the standard may be, no urge is admitted beyond the desire and need of the individual personality.

Our aim in this brief survey has been to show that a whole generation, with a definite attitude of its own in attack and construction, lies between us and the Victorians. The younger generation, if they accept the element of mere attack, are inheriting and working an exhausted mine. Each generation regards its position as exceptional; but, without special pleading, it may be urged that intellectually the younger generation is placed in a position of extreme difficulty. The older generation certainly faced unsettled frontiers in ideas and belief, but they faced them from a position of physical safety. The younger generation has inherited the mental uncertainty with the added distraction

of a sense of physical insecurity. The problem of the ultimate destiny of life has grown insignificant when the immediate future of European life seems so insecure. The war has left in the mind of the youth of Europe—and the mood is more apparent in mid-European countries than in England—a belief that our present civilisation is at an end. The immediate intellectual effect has been to drive the younger generation away from philosophy and the abstract to an interpretation of life in the terms of sensation and immediate experience. Strangely enough, the aftermath of the European War has induced a belief in a "*fin du monde*," which is having exactly the same intellectual effect as the more fantastic creed of the "*fin de siècle*" of the 'nineties. The younger generation can understand and respond to the early mood of the Mr. W. B. Yeats when he was still a poet of the 'nineties:

> Come away, O human child!
> To the waters and the wild
> With a faery, hand in hand,
> For the world's more full of weeping
> Than you can understand.

Thought on institutions and belief, where it remains at all, continues the long satire of Victorianism which the older generation did so effectively. But now it is satire without hope of reconstruction; a mood of irritable despair in watching a world which seems dead. We return to our starting-point. Could not the younger generation now at last go back to the Victorians, not in the mood of satire, but with a sense of historical and creative criticism? They may see how much more there was in that century than the perfervid hopes of the older generation could envisage. Victorian thought is an attempt to assimilate the idea of evolution. In the older generation the idea is incorporated beyond the intellect into imagination and faith. There remain fresh fields. Already the newer psychology needs readjustment to the general conception of life. We may tread the same grotesques in our attempts to escape that idea as some of the Victorians performed in their scuttle away from the biological conception of man. But the newer scene, the point at which ideas are struggling into consciousness, where light is breaking from the unknown, demands attention, and would send us back more sympathetically to watch the spiritual throes of the old century.

A World Sport

By E. M. Johnstone

The title of this article is to be understood in a proleptic sense. Rugby football, the sport of which I am to speak, has not yet conquered the hemispheres; but it has already put a girdle round the earth—with certain gaps. These gaps, in due course, will be filled.

The chief claim of Rugby football as a world sport lies in the fact that it is an inexpensive safety-valve for nations of warlike tendencies, whilst it is an admirable stimulus for races which are other than warlike.

Another tremendous factor is that the Rugby Union game is entirely amateur. Man in large is not anxious for pelf. I do not mean that it is difficult to induce him to accept princely salaries. But give the average man all he requires in the matter of food and raiment and lodging, with a reasonable prospect of avoiding the workhouse in his old age, and he is content. He is not eager to be paid for enjoying himself. The hired assassin, the hired informer, the hired footballer—not one of these can really have his heart in the game. If they were rendered independent of their pursuits, viewed as money-making tasks, we should have more dash, more artistry, more soul.

This is what the Rugby Union implicitly teaches. When a man begins to think what he can make out of a game, that game is doomed. History already proves two-thirds of this contention. Murder as a fine art is practically extinct; the spy, deprived of the glamour of patriotism, is a despicable figure; and before the century is dead we shall see a revulsion of feeling against professional football.

In Rugby Union football we have no such folly. One plays it in sheer physical exuberance. There may be old scores to pay off, but all according to rule. It is no kid-glove game. There is rough-and-tumble enough to

delight the veriest Berserker, but there is a limit; and the stout referee is there to see that it is observed.

The Association game, excellent in its way, is a pale phantom in comparison. Here is no safety-valve for the virile nations of the earth.

Let us see how the game has made its way since, just over a hundred years ago, it had its flickering birth at Rugby School.

England, in spite of the hard days when professionalism was a potent menace—England, and its public schools, are triumphant. The wise Welsh have little use for any other game. All Scotland that matters—the cities and the universities and that galaxy of schools that surrounds Edinburgh—has never swerved in its allegiance. Ireland is Rugby Union to the core. In the Dominions the balance is heavily in favour of the game; and here the bright particular star is New Zealand, which twice in twenty years has taught us the possibilities of a sport which we thought was ours.

In France the game spread like fire: one would have thought it French in its inception. Who can doubt that in the Great War it was Rugby football that made French resistance more stubborn than ever it has been in the past? France to-day has its exponents as capable as any in the world, and that though the game has had a footing within its bounds for scarcely more than a quarter of a century.

What one Latin nation can do another can do: at least that is what the other Latins think. So one looks to see in Spain a multiplication of the tall posts; and as for Italy, there is only need to whisper a word or two in Signor Mussolini's ear.

The Teuton is a slow starter (except in the matter of world wars), so one should not labour the point that he has not yet realised the expediency of taking to Rugby football. All his traditions—amongst which may be included the importance he attaches to absorbing food—are against it. But in due time he will mend his ways, if only from jealousy of France. For there is no doubt that in her mastery of Rugby football France has a "pull" over Germany which her leaders have hardly appreciated at its true value.

Holland, at the moment, is covered with Association

goalposts. The Hollanders have not been involved in war for ages, and consequently their perception is somewhat blunted. But the Dutch are a thoughtful people and not without patriotism (that derided virtue!), and one can see in Holland any day some effective scrummagers, if slow three-quarters.

The United States is a country of marked possibilities. But for its reluctance to do anything that might be construed into making concessions to England, it might have produced a Rugby football team that would startle the world. As it is, a side of more than ordinary ability came over for the Olympic Games.

Turning south, we find that the Rugby Union flag has been flying in Argentina since 1874. It is in the East, however, that the Union is likely to achieve its greatest successes. One passes over Persians and Hindus as people unlikely to respond to the game of games. But Rugby is pursued ardently in Calcutta; and in Malaya there is a promising field, although the players at present are mainly British. Further East still, we come upon peoples as yet untouched by the Rugby Union rules. Here there is a fine scope. Oriental duplicity—confronted by the inexorable laws of the Union.

The Chinese—an ancient civilisation—might be trusted to introduce some novelties into scrummage work. One remembers the pained surprise of Bill Nye in the presence of Chinese dexterity.

And the Japanese, habituated to earthquakes, could never be anything but crisp and alert. A Chino-Japanese scrummage, with a Scottish referee in attendance, will be a rich refreshment for some of our lucky descendants.

Of Soviet Russia I have said nothing, though I suspect that some of us would like nothing better than to see a few of our leading Russians caught in a full-blooded scrummage at Leicester or Cardiff.

To conclude. If only the Rugby Union could be persuaded to shed some of its modesty and endow a few missionaries—men with the necessary presence and *savoir faire* (and, at first, some facility in the use of small-arms)—their rules would permeate the world, and do more to bring the peoples into line than the League of Nations will ever accomplish in a long-drawn existence.

Here is the key to world peace. Peoples that have been drawn together by the lure of a common sport are more easy to bring into accord in the more arid domain of politics. I wonder if the sedate gentlemen who occupy the seats of the mighty at Twickenham on International days even dimly realise the power that is theirs?

To a Persian Rug

By John Alexander

O MASTERPIECE of splendid hue
  Blended of red and golden wine,
Rose pink and cream and azure blue,
  Whose cunning patterns intertwine
In strange bewildering symmetries—
  No common hands your weavers had,
Nor dull nor undiscerning eyes,
  Who still make your beholders glad!

I captured you in fair Iran
  And brought you down through Kirmanshah
Along the road of Jenghiz Khan
  To Baghdad, where the date-palms are;
And thence we came o'er Tigris flood
  And many thousand miles of sea
To where the sun scarce warms the blood
  And colour shows but pallidly.

And now upon an English floor
  You lie, a thing of wonderment
To all who enter at my door—
  A potentate in banishment.
But to my mind, from fair Iran
  You bring a glimpse of Kirmanshah,
The rugged road of Jenghiz Khan
  And Baghdad, where the date-palms are.

The American Language Crucible

By H. E. Moore

No large nation has so many foreigners as America. On an outward voyage on the *Aquitania* not long ago I found thirty-three nationalities represented. The linguist finds there a model Babel. His language equipment is exercised and entertained on every hand, the net result being incredibly stimulating. Curiosity as to the nature of the visible process of language transfusion is soon excited to the pitch of research. After gleaning diligently from living examples and reaching some helpful generalities, I sought the aid of professors, students, professional and business men to supplement my own findings. Mencken's work on the American language and his thirty pages of bibliography are particularly valuable.

Into the crucible of English many elements have entered in the course of the exodus from everywhere to America. These contributions are building up the language of a nation which is destined to react more and more powerfully upon the English of Britain.

The general effect of English on the foreign tongues of America is to penetrate, disintegrate, and absorb them. Whole foreign centres extensive in area have reached the penultimate stages of this process, which operates on vocabulary, on inflexions, and on build of sentence. Pennsylvania German has lost the genitive ending and expresses possession thus: *Der mann sei buch.* In this dialect they say: *Der stallion hat das whiet gedämätscht.* I heard in Chicago: *Er hat geschumpt auf den Karren* ("jumped on the car"). Norwegians are the most willing to part with their mother tongue: *Hos'n fila du? Puddi gud,* ("How do you feel? Pretty good."); Mrs. Olsen *va aafel bisi* ("was awfully busy"). Yankee-Dutch has two distinct dialects, with little, if any, intercommunication; *Piezelmietje* ("pleased to meet you"), "*You want 'n ander kop koffee,* end obviously by the abandonment of

good and bad Dutch for American. In Greek the processes of decay, that have gone on in Greece for centuries, are precipitated. Greeks suffer some particular confusions, their *nai* meaning "yes," *p.m.* "before noon," the letter *N* "south," *papoose* "grandfather," and *mammie* "grandmother." The Italian intellectual takes the *sotteraneo* to go *nell bassa città*, but the great majority use *il subway* to take them *tantane* ("down town"), and continue so: *tenne dollari* ("ten dollars"), *nun gudde* ("no good"), *pinozze* ("pea-nuts"). Yiddish is, of course, a sponge: *Die boys mit die meidlach haben a good time; er hat nit gewolt shutup'n* ("he wouldn't shut up"). Spanish shows the general grammatical decay (only two conjugations are found in New Mexico), the preservation of archaic words and great hospitality to loan words: *olraite* ("all right"), *enejau* ("anyhow"). French has official status and is still the daily speech of perhaps one and a half millions, but it is being greatly influenced by English. I saw in Montreal: *trois dollars en montant* (hotel notice: "three dollars up"), and *traverse de chemin de fer* ("level crossing"). Other examples are: *Comme tu es swell*; *patron* is usually "boss"; *bonne à tout faire* is *servante générale*, and *va-t'en* is *gologne* ("go 'long"). New Orleans is now thoroughly American and Creole literature is practically extinct. Chinamen learn the pidgin and South Sea natives the Beach-la-Mar *lingua franca* in a few months: as examples of their drastic methods, the verb is identical in all tenses, "makee" standing for both make and made, and the pronoun does not vary for case, "my" answering to our I, me (and also to mine and my).

Whilst the English language and American conditions have this effect on the speech of the proletarian alien immigrant, adrift from the anchorage of literature, the accompanying weathering of English is also evident. Obviously the foreigner tends in his English to simplify everything as much as possible, to ignore sophistications, to corrupt grammatical forms and to import vocabulary. "Why worry? A few professors are hired, at very small pay, to do that." America is proverbially susceptible to innovations and to the appreciation of anything apt, notably in the direction of jocularisation or brevity. The rate of absorption of loan-words is typical. *Matinée*, *dépôt*, and

fête are still pronounced and written here with some attempt at the French manner; in America they are entirely naturalised in every way. *Gabfest* (a loquacious gathering) is a specimen of German influence; the war-time "liberty-cabbage" failed to oust *sauerkraut*; the popular American affirmative is an obvious echo of "ja," *dumb* (stupid) of "dumm," *fresh* (cheeky) of "frech." *Cuspidor* (spittoon) is a would-be euphemism from the Portuguese, and *hootch* (alcohol) from the Chinook Indians. Chinese and Japanese ("chop-suey" to "flop-flop") permeate from the West.

Self-contained as America is and at such a prohibitive distance from Europe, the utilitarian need for modern languages is much less than with us. An undergraduate will start his university course with two years' high-school modern language work behind him, if any, and that mainly paper knowledge.

With the sudden increase of immigration during the last few generations the emergence of American from English has been rapid. There have been attempts to give a new name to American English, *e.g.*, United-Statesish, Stateish, and Statesish. "Let us cease to be the butlers of another people's language and try to be the masters of our own," says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*. Vincent O'Sullivan, schooled in England, declares that "the English literary tradition is dying fast and the language is drawing farther and farther away from English as used in England." A letter to the *Weekly Westminster* the other day complained of our literary isolation and insularity.

A prominent American told applauding high-school teachers that education should produce "a small patriciate, a caste, an aristocracy." Then a school governor, Bob Fraser, talked typically to the teachers: "Come down to earth, beloved. Neither I nor my neighbours, fathers of ordinary children, are paying you your wages to train some pimply little bookworm to the idea that he belongs to the aristocracy of brains. The country will have all the scholarship it needs. The bright boys will eat it up and you can't stop them. But the fellow that can't get chummy with Julius Cicero—he's my boy, and the town is full of such. What kind of a citizen will he be if he doesn't come

to school?" This spirit contains the motive of much of the change commented on in this article.

As this divergence of English and American has proceeded through strata of English derision and American defiance it has tended to become deliberate and constructive. England and academic America generally have asserted the old criteria. But they have been swept aside by America's egalitarian millions, and established changes have now made any such acceptance of literary southern English impossible. Indeed, it is claimed that the tide has turned the other way. J. R. Green called Americans "the main branch of the English people." The American form of English is spoken by twenty times as many people as standard southern English, it shows greater powers of accommodation, and its exportations to English proper exceed its imports. The common trade speech of the Pacific and of Canada is predominantly American. One American free-lance scholar predicts standard English for pedants and American for the world.

What are some of the respects in which change is claimed? Our diction seems to America "elaborately artificial, something for the literary artists of both countries to try their skill upon by flouting it." A young high school teacher told me of a dispute with his superintendent: he was accused of giving too great attention to American rather than to classical English writers. The supervisor's comments left him cold, and I agreed with the teacher's zeal for the living speech of his native country. "Are Americans to write the language they speak?" asks Richard Aldington, "or are they to write a devitalised idiom learned painfully from books?" I thought of the literary antiquarianism that passes for literature among us, of the four dead languages I was forced to learn to be certified efficient in two live ones, of the incendiarism of my fellow-convicts in the philology-gang, of Edward Carpenter's poem in the British Museum library, and of Max O'Rell's impression that the Englishman is always doing sentry-go before his dignity. To the fact that the academic world tries to teach not the mother-tongue, but a dialect that stands outside their common experience, one American scholar (non-academic, of course) attributes the "notorious failure of our schools

and colleges to turn out pupils who can put their ideas into words with simplicity and intelligibility."

After all, usage and not literary caste is what makes language. Anyone who has seen New York at play on Coney Island must have understood that in a country where the average level of material prosperity is the highest in history, and there is, thanks be, no class corresponding to our European populace, a new status has arisen for the speech of this nation of levellers. The same thought arose in my mind when I found that the waiter who served me in the cafeteria was listening to my lectures at the university. If, as Arnold thought, we suffer from want of equality, Chesterton is also right when he says that "democracy is a very serious thing for democrats."

"Language," says Sayce, "is the living expression of the mind and spirit of a people, ever changing, whose sole standard is usage." "When language is too far removed from that of the people it becomes hieratic, burdened with *clichés* and dead phrases," continues Aldington. Howells claims for American "that easy looseness of phrase and gait which characterised the Elizabethan era, and particularly the Elizabethan hospitality to changed meanings and bold metaphors." To Brander Matthews the function of slang is to provide substitutes for the good words and true that are worn out by hard service. "English with the break on," "otiose ponderosity," are missiles flung in our direction that reveal the American reaction to our arrested development, our literary hypnotism. Even our humour, Leacock tells us, is thought highbrow, academically allusive, and heavy.

That this matter of diction calls for serious attention must be clear to practical teachers. Labouring at my side a colleague is actually compiling a dictionary of English for foreigners in which he guarantees to these poor, distracted folk that every word he gives is really in living use. This same defect of speech has struck me forcibly at family literary devotions, when the children were put to sleep by the anæsthetic of the mere diction of certain pages in Dickens, Daudet, Beecher Stowe, Dumas, Kingsley, Souvestre, or Tom Hughes, while they followed with delight these same writers when unclouded by literary preciosity.

The contrary tendency of American libertarianism is towards a directness that discounts urbanity and restraint, and towards an excessive indulgence of pure novelty that fails to discriminate between extravagant raciness and real clarity. Its virtue lies in the sincerity of writing and speaking alike, "a potent and penetrating instrument, rich in new vibrations, full of joy as well as shocks for the visitor" (Frank Dilnot), approaching Montaigne's dream of "a succulent and nervous speech, short and compact, not so much delicated and combed out as vehement and brusque, rather arbitrary than monotonous, not pedantic but soldierly, as Suetonius called Cæsar's Latin." This is by no means a plea for Philistinism.

Academic grammar is traditionally famous for its "fly-blown pedantry" and for the slight esteem in which it is held by the grammar-making man-in-the-street. The experimental and impatient masses of America turn from the doctrine of the schools to the very different speech-habits prevalent outside. It will be most interesting to see what simplifications and analogies will establish themselves. Tense, number, case are challenged, the double negative is general, the comparative is heterodox, the adverb bob-tails into the adjective-form, and inflexion generally tends to disappear.

In pronunciation the difference seems less serious. I think we can agree to promote in this respect Anglo-American mutual gaiety, and let Henry James blame the Dutchman and the Dago. The twang is probably climatic. I only once found any difficulty of understanding from phonetic considerations, and that was over a telephone.

In the matter of rationalising spelling, much good thought and experiment has been afoot in America, from the laborious and truculent Webster onwards, largely in the direction of the decent burial of dead letters. "Those spell best who do not know how to spell," said Franklin. We ought to be ashamed that other countries are so far ahead, while our orthography remains inflexible. Surely the inherent weaknesses of our present alphabet are enough without our aggravating them. The gibe of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in 1914 that the stupidity of the British populace was due to the time wasted on the stupidity of British spelling was not without point. With the 812 words

(*New York Sun*) in which current American spelling differs from ours I find myself in almost entire agreement. Spelling is still fluid in America, and in addition to these reforms others are in various stages of establishment. In spite of central, official opposition, the newspapers and schools of Canada are mainly on the American side. It is claimed that the root of our opposition lies in an æsthetic hatred (Lowell's phrase), burning with as fierce a flame as did ever theological hatred. Is this ancient dust never to be laid? International morality lags wofully behind individual morality. Surely a friendly concern for the common tongue is not beyond the resources of our mutual decency.

Those who think preposterous these claims for a reconsideration of the significance we are to attach to the tendencies of American English would do well to ponder the conclusion of H. G. Wells's work *The Future in America*: "It seems to me that in America, by sheer virtue of its size, its free traditions, and the habit of initiative of its people, the leadership of progress must ultimately rest."

At present America's preoccupation with the practical demands of pioneering holds back these language considerations from the fuller force they will shortly assume. It is still possible for those who direct American schools to demand of every subject of the curriculum "an immediate return in material realities," and an increasing importance for the position of the practical arts. We are all so far from a satisfying school programme that Mencken may well say of America: "A cultural timorousness yet shows itself." Our own national jester, Shaw, claims that "the marks of an educated man are intellectual and moral imbecility." War-ridden Europe has yet to produce her United States, to redeem her greatest blessing, education, from the curse of caste, and to grant her children their birthright of education to the measure of their capacity; she has yet to shake off from that education the blight of instruction, the obsession of books, that the Renaissance has left, the destruction of initiative, the prevailing low esteem of individuality and the consequent stereotype. With the approaching resolution of all these forces on both sides of the Atlantic a rejuvenated English is bound to emerge.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Fox-trotting

"How long is it since you've been to a dance, Heddle?" asked Sergeant Murphy one evening when he had come in and taken his customary seat in the parlour.

"Dance?" repeated Heddle. "Me? Not for ten or twelve years. Before the war, anyway. The girls often go."

"They would," said the Sergeant. "More power to thim! But let me tell you wan thing—you're missin' somethin' be stayin' away. The modhern dance is an education. Did you ever see a cat crossin' a muddy road? Have you ever thried to walk in clogs with no backs to thim? Did you ever——?"

"You don't mean to say you've been to a night club, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle in surprise.

"Not likely. Sure, it was last night at the annual dinner to the *Daily Hoot* staff at the Hatfield Hotel that I had me first ground floor view of the ginuine fox-throt. Me and Braggs, who's the telephone-switch editor of the paper, was a bit early, and we sthrolled around the corridors till we came to an illigant room full of dancers, and stopped to have a look at thim. Just as we got there the band sthruck up and the couples reached for wan another.

"Now you remimber, Heddle, the way we used to do the Lancers and other Christian dances before the war. You grabbed your partner on the catch-as-catch-can principle, often discoverin' a vinomous pin on the active list, and away you wint, hell for leather, thryin' to keep time to the band, but ginerally half a beat ahead or behind, and not carin' a damn. Ye weren't sure if your feet were right accordin' to the dhrill book, but as long as they didn't make their mark on the toe of your partner you didn't throuble, and you put a jerk into it, and be the time the dance inded your forehead was under water and you felt that takin' off your singlet would be like peelin' an orange. But you were laughin' and injoyin' yourself all the time.

"Now, be the Holy! Heddle, the Greco-Roman's

the only style allowed. The man gets a sort of sthrong body-hold of the girl—intherlockin', mind you—and off the couple march like an ould cab horse movin' up the rank, and about as gay. The fellah wears a tinse look on his features as though some of his buttons were not to be thrusted, and the girl seems to be puzzlin' out a nine-letter word beginnin' with 'd' and meanin' a Scotchman that's backed a winner—Is it depositor, do you think, Heddle? They never exchange a word, cross or otherwise, and they slide gintly round the room, left, right, with an occasional rockin'-chair divarsion to wan side and thin the other, as hilarious as a first mourner. And that's the fox-throt.

"Do you know, Heddle, I've often thought that dancin' is a silly sort of thing, unless you feel that way. What I mean is, if you feel lively and want to throw your legs about, just as a boy at times simply must shout or he'll burst, do so be all means. But if fox-throtters feel as they look they ought to be sayin' 'ninety-nine' and havin' their pulses felt in a Harley Sthreet consultin' room."

"Who started the fox-trot, anyhow?" asked Heddle.

"I dunno," replied the Sergeant. "It was started durin' the war, whin they thought all the young fellahs would be killed off and the only illigible min would be the sear and yellow wans. But it has its points. It involves no sthrain, except that of keepin' the hair well glued down to the scalp; it allows the same dhress shirt to last for four nights out, and a mule could be taught to dance it in four correspondence lessons.

"That's why, Heddle, at least half the min there were battered and bald-headed old viterans that had seen the New Year in sixty times and more, and, be the colour of their faces, had done it well. Still, I will say that here and there you could see a spark of gaiety with thim, but whin I looked at the young min's faces I expected anny minute to hear the bugles sound the 'Last Post.'

"There was a notice on the wall outside about some great dance next week. Braggs read it out, and it said there would be an Appaish dance with much fun and joey deviver—whatever that mint.

"'Reminds me,' said I to Braggs. 'After this I could do with a reviver.'

"And we wint and had a quick wan."

Ariel

By The Hon. Mrs. Strachey

"Go make thyself a nymph of the sea
invisible to every eyeball."
. . . "Thou shalt be free
As mountain winds."—*Tempest* i.2.

Come! call with the cuckoo;
Come! sing with the lark:
I hear Ariel whisp'ring
Among the trees, hark!

In a white lily-cup
He floats over the lake;
I hear him alaughing
Where daffodils shake.

On magic of rainbow
He ascends to the skies;
And rides o'er the cornfields
On gay dragon-flies.

On thistle-down fluff,
On rose-petal, he lies,
And hides in dark caverns
Where midsummer dies.

Ho! "delicate Ariel,"
Your voice I know well,
It echoes in woodland,
And calls through the dell:
Awake! Awake!
In bracken and brake;
O listen, O hear,
For Ariel is near!

The Village of the Lost Souls

By Phyllis Mégroz

The great Janeska was dying. The watchers by the bed saw him slowly sink and fail, his lips grow white, his eyes close. Suddenly he stirred, struggled into a sitting position, and in a scarcely audible voice asked for his violin, the famous violin on which he had always played. His friends whispered amongst themselves: "The master wishes to bid farewell to his beloved instrument, to touch it once more before he leaves it mute for ever."

But when it was laid between his burning hands, Janeska, with a strength scarcely credible in so sick a man, snapped the quivering strings one by one, and smashed in the bright polished wood.

There was an instant's stricken silence. It was as though a sacrilege had been committed before their eyes. Then the dying man spoke.

"Friends," said he, in a harsh, rasping whisper, "you are horrified at what I have done, I see it in your faces. You think perhaps it is an act done in delirium, that I am no longer conscious of what I do. Listen, I will tell you the story of my violin.

"Long ago, very long ago," said Janeska, "I was a child, a poor child, a peasant child. I was always hungry, always ragged. I knew neither joy nor sorrow, only a dumb misery. I was one of a quarrelling, verminous brood of children, bound together only by a common misfortune. When I was about seven years old a fever came and bore off my father. There was no longer anyone to find us so much as a crust to gnaw. My mother divided the little store of wretched possessions among my brothers and sisters, and, bidding them fend for themselves, she took me, the youngest, by the hand and turned her back on the hovel she had called home.

"It was winter, and cold, cold, bitterly cold. We

stumbled through swaddling snow from village to village, begging our bread. My mother sang as we went, in her cracked, rough voice, and the richest and most charitable peasants bestowed on us sometimes a kopek, sometimes a bed in the straw. But there were fearful nights when we were forced to trudge on through the frost-bound country roads, hearing the wolves howl in the depths of the dark forests. And on one such night, when we were a little colder, a little hungrier than usual, my mother died. I was very little then," said Janeska, sighing, "and I was afraid. I kissed her and made the sign of the Cross over her, and then I ran as fast and as far as I could, with the mournful yelping of the wolves echoing in my ears. At last, as my breath came in great sobs, and my tongue was hanging out like a dog's, I saw lights, a great many of them, all blurred and misty, before me. I cried out and threw up my arms, but when I tried I could not take another step, just rolled over headlong in the snow.

"When I awoke I felt strange and confused. Gradually it broke in on me that my mother was dead, and that I should never see her any more. I burst out crying, but, as I was beginning to say the prayer for the dead, suddenly two great eyes looked right into mine. Then I remembered how I had fallen down and dropped exhausted in the snow, and I stared round me curiously. I was in a tumbledown wooden hut, quite bare except for the pile of rugs where I was lying, and bending over me was a very strange and terrifying person. He was dressed from head to foot in some kind of dark fur, and a cap of the same black fur was pulled over his forehead, and muffled his throat and chin. I could see nothing of him but his eyes, but for them he looked like some gigantic shadow. His eyes!—I was afraid and tried to look away, but I could not turn my head, it was just as if someone were holding me towards him. They burnt into me like two green fires, and I was afraid and tried to say my prayers, but could not; it was just as if someone had blotted all the words from my mind. I don't know how long we looked at each other, but at last I began to feel warm and glowing. I felt happy—I forgot about my mother, about my fear, and I laughed and clapped my hands. Then I jumped up and stroked the soft black fur; when I did that little bright sparks seemed

to shoot out of it. The man nodded his head as if he were pleased, and, putting his hand in his breast, he drew out a queer-looking wooden thing. It was in a black case, and there was a long wand with it. White strings were pulled across it.

"I looked at it wonderingly—you may be sure I had never seen anything like that before—but the man put it into my arms, and I gave a cry of joy. My fingers, holding the long wand, went up and down the wonder-box, and lovely sounds streamed out of it, so sweet that my heart leaped in my breast. The man nodded and his eyes shone brighter, and as my arm went up and down, up and down, the hut seemed to grow alive, and hundreds of little animal faces grinned and peered at me. They seemed to be calling me to come away, so out I went with my wonder-box across my shoulder, laughing like mad.

"As soon as I crossed the threshold of the hut I found myself in a cobbled street, and many folk were staring and pointing at me.

"At last the headsman of that place stepped up to me.

"'Who are you, child, and whence come you?' he asked.

"From the cottage where the man in black fur lives," I said. "Only see the wonder-box he has given me."

"The starosta shook his head in a puzzled fashion.

"'Poor lad, I fear thou art crazy,' he said, 'with thy babble of men in black fur and wonder-boxes. But fiddle to us, lad, fiddle to us,' he continued, touching the long thin wand I held.

"I shook my head. 'I must go back to the man in black fur,' I answered, and turned to enter the cottage. But to my amaze there was no cottage to be seen, only a tumbledown hayrick. I was sore afraid, but all at once it seemed to me that the man in black fur stood at my side, whispering low in my ear: 'Play for these country dolts, manikin.'

"I burst out laughing wildly, and I played, I played till all the village fell a-dancing. . . .

"So they kept me in that place to fiddle for them, and I lived like a lord in the headman's own cottage. A fine place it was with coloured mats on the ground, and a shining bright samovar. I always had my bellyful of good

cabbage soup and dried stockfish, and besides that, the headman's daughter, Sonia, made me a scarlet suit covered with gold embroidery. I fiddled all day and every day to my heart's joy. Every time I lifted my bow I saw the man in the black fur like a great shadow at my side urging me on with his green gaze, and the villagers swung round me in a crazy, riotous circle, till the men dropped, panting and wild-eyed, and the girls, sobbing, tore open their blood-red bodices.

"It was not long before strange rumours grew up about the village—folk shook their heads with strange looks when they spoke of it, and called it the Sodom of the Ukraine. Yet, despite the talk, strangers flocked to the hamlet to hear my playing and to join in the dancing. As the circling throng about me grew wider and wilder, the man in the black fur stood ever more plainly beside me, with sparkling eyes and nodding head.

"So two years passed, and gradually a change came over the people. They grew fever-eyed and pale-cheeked, and their laughter rang hard and hollow. One by one they died, many dropped in the middle of the dance—youths, maidens, young and old—to rise no more.

"At last all were gone but the starosta, and he lay raving blasphemies in the hut, with palsied limbs that strove in vain to skip to my music. At length he, too, died, and I was alone in the village with my fiddle and the man in the black fur, who walked like a shadow beside me.

"But the dead could not rest in their graves. They rose at night, weeping, wailing that an evil spirit had damned them and driven them from Paradise.

"One day I heard above the strains of my fiddle a solemn music, and the tramp of many feet. Presently there came in sight a great company of monks, hooded and cowled, each holding a lighted taper, and at every step they knelt and said the prayer for the dead. But when they beheld me they drove me out with curses and exorcisms, and I fled shrieking and clinging to my fiddle, with the man in black fur following me pace for pace. And as I went I heard the bell in the deserted church begin to ring, mournfully and despairingly.

"I went far, far, with the man in the black fur, and as I went, I played, and always people threw me many coins.

"A day came when I played in a wayside café to a famous *impresario*, and after that the way was easy.

"But you, you who have heard me play, what has my music waked in you? Love? Happiness? Sorrow? The joy of life? The slumbering soul? None of these. What then? You dare not say. . . . But he who stands by my bed like some monstrous beast in his black fur, *he knows*. . . ."

Janeska, whose voice had gradually grown so weak as to be scarcely audible, fell back with a gasping sigh on the pillow, his face relaxed, his head dropped limply on his breast. The master was dead.

Decision

By Herbert E. Palmer

Pass now unscathed before my eyes.
I was a fool by all that's wise
To hate you, O mine Enemy!

Because the moth works with the rust,
And you and I will soon be dust.
A sorry plight, mine Enemy!

And who would probe Hate's why and what
To dull the blue forget-me-not
Above my tomb, mine Enemy!

So you may shoot your barbs of spite;
And I'll ignore their fevered flight.
Time outstrips all, mine Enemy.

A Smouldering Volcano

By George Lynch

Author of "Old and New Japan"

THE position between the U.S.A. and Japan is much more serious than is generally acknowledged. The gravest feature is not warlike demonstrations on the part of either Government but the deep anger and resentment concealed subterraneously amongst the peoples themselves of Japan and of the Pacific States of America. Those who have lived in Japan realise what an intensely proud and sensitive people they are. This was the spirit of the old Samurai and the warlike nobility of the country, but since the victorious war with Russia, the feeling of pride and confidence has permeated all classes even to the lowest. The affront and indignity offered to them by the recent American immigration prohibition touch them on the raw. The instances of *hara-kiri* being committed are more significant of that feeling than the actual number of lives offered represents. Bands of Ronins still actually exist in spirit if not in formal organisation in Japan. The Ronins—devotedly attached to their leader—were the spiritual cousins of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. The story of the Forty-seven Ronins is cherished by the nation, is known to every Japanese child, and their graves in the cemetery overlooking the beautiful bay of Tokyo from Shinagawa Hill are visited with veneration by thousands to this day. A great danger is that—say, in reprisal for attacks on Japanese in California—we might suddenly hear of the assassination of leading Americans in Tokyo or Yokohama, which might easily extend to a sudden massacre. The consequences might be equivalent to those frontier incidents which have occurred in the Balkan wars. Who would venture to guarantee that reprisals in the form of lynchings would not be started by the "toughs" of California with appalling consequences?

Supposing the hands of the Japanese Government were forced, and that the nation had to embark on war, it is easy to forecast the course of events. There are at present 145,000 Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands, the majority of the males having gone through military service and probably in the possession of arms. The capture of strategic points ought to be both easy and rapid. There are a still larger number of Japanese in the Philippine Islands, where the operation of occupation might easily be repeated. With the two groups of islands in Japanese possession, the position of the Americans would be extremely awkward.

By this time the Japanese fleet would probably have concentrated at Hawaii and be in possession of the enormous stores of oil fuel accumulated there for the use of the American navy, unless the aforesaid oil had been destroyed at the last moment by the Americans. The distance from San Francisco to Hawaii is 2,100 miles, without any intermediate coaling station on the way. The question would now arise whether America would embark on the huge enterprise of regaining possession of the two groups of islands or not. It might very possibly have happened that an unfortunate accident had occurred in the Panama Canal, in which a big ship laden with cement or concrete had foundered, or that a bad fissure had occurred in the great Gratuan dam, thus causing a grave delay in the junction of the U.S.A. Atlantic fleet with the fleet in the Pacific.

A writer in the June number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW devotes his leading article to the "Cloud in the East" no bigger than a man's hand. I have been in Japan during a week of earthquakes, during which time the whole sky was overcast with lowering and sinister clouds, a stagnant, sultry atmosphere weighed one down with heavy oppressiveness, and one felt coming disaster in the very air. This latter rather than a small cloud represents the mentality of millions of Japanese to-day. War may not take place this year, or perhaps for several years to come. "Curses not loud but deep" are the muttering of millions of an ancient and proud people. The thundercloud that has gathered may possibly pass away, or a lightning spark may burst it into torrents of blood.

A glance at the comparative strength of the respective fleets of the U.S. and Japan may be interesting. By the treaty of Naval Limitations made at Washington it was agreed to reduce the battleship fleets to a ratio of five for the U.S., five for Great Britain, and three for Japan. Under the treaty the tonnage allowed for the U.S. is eighteen battleships of 525,850 tons total displacement, and for Japan ten battleships of 313,300 tons. All armoured ships, both Dreadnoughts and pre-Dreadnoughts, not included in the above totals were to be destroyed, as were also all armoured ships that were being built and not completed. The battleship *Mutsu*, which was nearly finished, was allowed to remain on the Japanese lists, the U.S. being allowed to complete two ships of the Maryland class. It was agreed that future capital ships were not to exceed 35,000 tons. It was proposed that the total tonnage of cruisers and destroyers allowed to the U.S. should be 450,000 tons. U.S. were to be allowed 90,000 tons of submarines and Japan 45,000; aircraft carriers—the U.S. 80,000 and Japan 48,000. It would be seen that in a fleet of submarines of 1,000 tons and over Japan is far more powerful than the U.S.A., having twenty-four ships in this class against six of the latter. In the event of war, the power of the Japanese submarine fleet would be a very serious menace to American merchantmen and liners, and might have the effect of completely sweeping them off the Northern Pacific. Japanese submarines would be a powerful defence in case the U.S.A. should attempt the recapture of the Hawaiian Islands. The recapture of these latter would obviously have to be carried out before any similar attempt were made on the Philippines, owing to their immensely greater remoteness. It is a matter of opinion, of course, but I know many naval experts believe that the Japanese would fight their ships better than the Americans. There are no mercenaries in the *personnel* of the Japanese crews, and, in the opinion of these experts, the Japanese sailors are more keen and more inspired with the spirit of patriotism and better trained than the lower ratings of the American fleet. This is a delicate subject, and experts' opinion can only be verified when it comes to actual contact. The Americans possess in the *Colorado* the finest battleship in

the world, with her displacement of 32,600 tons and an armament of eight 16-inch 45-calibre guns, more powerful than that of either our *Royal Sovereign* or *Queen Elizabeth* classes. The defensive arrangements of the *Colorado*, both as regards heavy armament and under-water subdivision, are excellent. The side armour is 13½-inch and the turret armour 18- to 9-inch. Her under-water protection against torpedoes is excellent, being made up of five longitudinal bulkheads designed to receive the blow of the torpedo and dissipate its disruptive energy before reaching the ship's vitals. I cannot help thinking, however, that in the case of these battleships, as in the case of most others, too little attention is given to the deck armour, when we take into consideration the angle at which shells will fall in an action at long range. To compensate for the difference in the strength of the two navies there are the factors of the disposition of the American fleet at the time of the outbreak of hostilities. The greater number of their ships will probably be concentrated on the Californian coast, but the entire U.S. navy would have to be assembled before embarking on any big line of action.

Any movement of concentration at a time of high political tension would probably be taken by the Japanese as a hostile action, and would be likely to precipitate the outbreak of hostilities. It is a feature of many of the forecasts made by Japanese writers that an attack would be made on the Panama Canal. The canal, however, is now thoroughly well defended, especially on the Pacific side, with guns having a range of 20,000 yards; 14-inch guns mounted on Perico and Naos have a range of 18,400 yards. It is absurd to think, therefore, that any attack would be attempted by the Japanese navy. The possibility of attack by secret agents along the fifty-mile channel of the canal is quite another matter. We know from numerous instances in the course of the Russo-Japanese War how entirely self-sacrificing the Japanese are. They never publish or refer to acts of heroism performed by members of their secret service. Scions of two of the noblest houses in Japan lost their lives in an attempt, which was almost successful, to blow up the big Sungari bridge, which, if they had succeeded, would have paralysed the Trans-Siberian Railway. In the case of a war with the U.S. their preparations for

destroying the Panama Canal would probably be more carefully attended to. Needless to say, there would be extreme vigilance on the American side; but it would be very difficult to prevent a blocking of the canal, and the possibility of landslides being assisted by explosives would be an ever-present danger.

It is interesting to speculate as to what would be the strategy of either side on the outbreak of hostilities. It is certain that action would be very rapid in the beginning, as success would mainly depend upon that rapidity. The distance from Hawaii to San Francisco is 2,100 miles, from Panama 2,685. The distance from Hawaii to Guam is 3,330, and from Guam to the Philippines 1,510 miles, making a total of 7,525 miles, while the distance from the Sasebo base in Japan to Manila is only 1,318 miles. The capture of Manila and the Philippines and the U.S.A. garrisons would be an absolutely easy operation, as there are no fortifications on the islands, so that in any case the occupation of the Philippines might be taken for granted. The island of Guam is now thoroughly well fortified, and to a considerable extent may be regarded as the strategic key to the Pacific. The question is whether the Japanese would attempt the capture of the Hawaiian islands or not. Pearl Harbour, 12 miles from Honolulu, is now well fortified, and possesses a dock capable of containing the largest ships of the American Navy. The attempt to capture Hawaii would be a bold stroke on the part of the Japanese. If they determined to retain possession its recapture would become the first objective of the Americans, and probably the decisive naval action of the war would take place in the immediate vicinity. The Japanese, however, might consider it only worth while to occupy the islands temporarily for the sake of utterly destroying the big dock, harbour and fortifications, and mining the shores. The recapture of the Philippines and the island of Guam, if the Japanese succeeded in capturing it, would be the most formidable operation ever undertaken by a naval power, and would necessarily be as tedious as it would be enormously costly.

It is difficult to find in history anything to equal the stupidity of the U.S. in taking the Philippine Islands from

the Spaniards in 1898. Unlike the Japanese, the U.S. were not in want of territory for the expansion of their population. The 117,000 square miles of the Philippines were of practically no value to the U.S.A. On the contrary, the administration and garrisoning of the islands were a source of enormous annual cost. Moreover, the annexation of the Philippines and the other islands acquired by the States in the Pacific made necessary the maintenance of a formidable and costly fleet which would not otherwise have been required. The Philippine Islands have become the "Achilles' heel" of the U.S. Without the Pacific islands, coast defences would be entirely sufficient for the protection of the Pacific coast of the U.S.

From a financial point of view it would pay the U.S. to make a present of the Philippine Islands to the Japanese; but how could they take such an action and save their prestige and dignity? Just before annexation was decided upon, in an impassioned speech, Theodore Roosevelt said, "Where the Stars and Stripes are once hoisted, they will never be pulled down." It was an unfortunate utterance. It would be still more unfortunate for the peace of the world if the time should ever come when the pulling down should be done by the Japanese.

At the rate at which the Japanese population is increasing, it will be a national necessity for them to acquire fresh territory for expansion. Korea is not sufficient, and China is too crowded. Japan is not a fertile country, and annually has to import a large quantity of foodstuffs. The Philippine Isles would suit the Japanese in many ways, and would be an excellent safety valve for their exuberant population.

Is it too late in the day to imagine that a "deal" might be made between the U.S. and Japan for transferring the possession of these islands? Perhaps it is. There is a more graceful way for the U.S.A. to retire with dignity. The wings of the American eagle, even unto the uttermost stretch of its pinions, enshadow Liberty; could not complete freedom be given to the Philippines, and incidentally the face of the eagle be saved?

Migration Within the Empire

By J. Obed Smith, F.R.G.S.

(Late Chief Officer, Canadian Government Emigration Dept.)

As the preface to the book *Migration Within the Empire*,* by Major Belcher and Dr. Williamson, truly states, "The subject of Imperial migration is one of historic and present-day importance." History can take care of itself, and this excellent and most interesting book is perhaps the best illustration that history is migration printed in permanent colours; but what of the present? That is the real problem which looms large, because something is plainly wrong. This comprehensive study of the movement of our race for centuries past will be welcomed by all students of Imperial affairs in all parts of the Empire.

If the Imperial Government "still dwells in the night of *laissez faire*," are the Dominions oversea living wholly in the daytime? I think not, or their own national and local interests would have long since stimulated greater efforts. Migrants are ordinary people, not different—except in circumstances—from those in other walks of life; they must be dealt with by normal businesslike methods, and not by those applied to the migrant of years ago, who left these shores as a last forlorn hope.

A man stays in some particular business or profession because he desires so to do. There is no obligation on anyone to leave, or to remain in, England, Canada or elsewhere, unless he is unfortunately in gaol; and he stays where his business is because he sees nothing better, or because the better chance has not been presented in an appealing form. A migrant will not leave home until he finds something that is likely to suit him better; but it has been left to the oversea Governments alone to spread their wares before the people of the British Isles.

Imperial migration must have a live partner oversea; but the Motherland should fire the migrant with the spirit of Empire-building, whether it be in trade, in the humbler

* *Migration Within the Empire*. Collins. 16s. net.

duties of domestic work, or indeed in any other occupation, that is not based entirely on the desire for personal aggrandisement; something of the spirit of adventure which induced the great colonisers of the British race to give up the comfort of an English home and put on the glorious armour of courage and of hope, in order to carry forward British civilisation and push back the fringe of the wilderness a few feet each year. Unfortunately, that spirit has largely disappeared; it hardly exists even among schoolboys to-day, and oversea development will never come to fruition until that Imperial lamp is relit and the earlier British spirit of love of power and pride of Empire is re-kindled. This is somebody's duty, and what is everybody's work is never done unless concentrated in a central governing body.

The other need in the partnership is that the Dominions themselves shall sacrifice some of their own self-complacency and not only make ready the welcome their own race deserves, but produce a real effort to give pride of place to the overplus of millions the Motherland can so readily spare. It is not carrying a fair share of the load merely to open the door—and that grudgingly in some cases—as certainly, without the general support of the Imperial Government, the Dominions will go off the map so far as ultimate success is concerned. They themselves must come forward with much more real assistance in many ways if the supremacy of the British Empire is to be established beyond doubt as an entity and a unity instead of a Commonwealth tied by a silken thread which ought long since to have grown into a cable.

It is not wealth that makes a nation great, but the happiness of the people; and if some millions of British people would have a better chance for themselves and their children's children oversea, the glad song of our citizenship-union will become vibrant through the Governments concerned, once they have given the lead. Advances towards the cost of transportation are not enough.

It is admitted that oversea Governments or the people they represent have not done all they might have done. Those who have migrated and succeeded often send for their immediate relations, less frequently for friends or outsiders, and, after the family reunion, they get inside a ring-

fence, which keeps others out, or beyond which no note of encouragement is heard by those left without. This statement will be challenged; but those who have been selecting and settling migrants for more than a quarter of a century know something of facts which must be faced and remedied with courage, if the replenishment of the Empire is to be a real, continuing and vital thing.

Either the oversea Dominions really want many more British settlers, or they do not. Which is it? The figures of migration within the Empire are too paltry to quote in connection with so gigantic a need. Ships are not laden with people full of ambition, going to another part of the Empire where vacant spaces await them, and where the other partner in the Empire-building enterprise should spend time and money in what would be a profitable undertaking from every point of view. If the volume of movement warranted it, transportation rates would be greatly reduced, whereas lack of business actually compelled their increase quite recently, and a vicious circle comes into the question of migration.

Why do the United States of America put restrictions on the number of migrants to be admitted, unless they are getting too many? Their quotas apply to British-born as well as to aliens. Why do more British people go there than to Canada (save in one recent year), and why do large numbers leave Canada for the land of Stars and Stripes, unless it be that the larger influence always destroys the smaller, and people think that the States offer opportunities which are not offered in Canada? Yet Canada has more room, vastly greater undeveloped natural resources, more need of British people; but where are those fired with zeal for Empire who will give up some of the amenities of life in the Old land to do their duty in some of the outposts of Empire? It is true that a number go to join relatives in Canada, and Canada says she wants them; but does our public believe her when she says she wants people of British stock? That section of the migration scheme will always take care of itself. It will continue despite restrictions by meticulous detail claimed to be for their protection; but what is the driving force to that other section of the movement, for those without relations

there, depending much more upon conditions here and oversea? There lies the weakness.

The policy of settling a huge area like Canada needed wide vision and dauntless courage. Laws passed years ago were excellent at the time, but law and regulation have not kept pace with the needs of the present, or even recently past, requirements. For instance, the Canadian homestead law still requires a man and his family to live on his own farming land, miles—more or less—from his next neighbour on the prairie, instead of having a two-acre house plot at the township cross-roads and working his land from the cross-roads village, where there would be some social and community life. It is not too late to secure that blessing in regions where there is little or no settlement.

The policy of building additional trunk railways thousands of miles long at public expense has deluged the country with debt, while closer settlement on existing trunk lines would have left vast areas available for present and future settlement. The railway mileage of Canada is sufficient for five times the population.

The Prime Minister of Canada recently stated:—"If we cease our efforts to fill those great waste spaces with working and productive units, Canada is destined to lag behind and fail to realise what should be her future." The late Lord Shaughnessy claimed that the vital importance of Canada's future lay in a "sound, sane immigration policy, to be promulgated immediately and to be carried out with intelligence and vigour." His successor, as President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, expressed his view: "Seasonal or other unemployment should not have a direct influence upon such a national question as immigration. One of the surest ways to avoid unemployment would be the presence in the country of more productive units, whose necessities would mean greater consumption, more activity, and therefore more employment." Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railways, said: "We have got to stop talking immigration and do something, if we are ever to get anywhere." But the whole is summed up by the Premier of Alberta, himself an Englishman by birth: "There is no lack of available immigrants in Britain. It remains only to give them in

advance a comparative certainty of success." In other words, less window-dressing.

The Canadian Government spends too little on colonisation, that great field of promise for the Dominion. The appropriation has hardly been increased over that of twenty-five years ago, when the newly opened farmers' paradise induced a stream of hundreds of thousands. Canada borrowed—to her credit largely from her own people—two thousand million dollars to carry on the war, can she not find fifty millions for constructive settlement in time of peace? The annual appropriation is wholly insufficient for the necessary development of the resources which her distinguished Prime Minister declares essential; and, in fact, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has spent sixty-three millions in settling lands adjacent to its own railway lines, or more than the Dominion has expended altogether. Again, it is pointed out by Major Belcher that only £400,000 has been expended in one year by the Oversea Settlement Committee of the Imperial Government; though that is nearly equal to the whole appropriation by Canada. There is somehow a lack of that spirit which makes nations great and builds an Empire. "It is no use having equality of opportunity if there are not opportunities enough to go round." There is no oversea Dominion that is not a land of opportunity. The conditions are economic, based on enterprise and sentiment rather than on politics. All statesmen of all parties can take part, therefore, in the solution of the problem. At the Imperial Conference migration should be considered a matter of first moment, and its cold, hard facts should preface a heart-to-heart talk. If that fails, the existence of Imperial sentiment and prestige is endangered, as Great Britain cannot much longer suffer from indigestion of population.

"It is just as well to admit frankly that the best people to frame schemes for migration are those who control the country to which the migrant is going." Agreed, but the oversea Government must offer sufficient and substantial inducements, or they will be accused of living within the ring fence of their own immediate needs. They must do more—and doubtless would, if more people wanted to go; and here let it be noted that the best migrants for oversea are not exclusively or collectively those now living on the

countryside, which the young men have already left or from which the last generation or two were driven into towns by the thousand. The families born of country stock, but who have been dodging motor cars in a city and still have the open life ambitions, will provide the class of potential value, and, indeed, they succeed almost before they leave home if they but cast off the devastating spirit of the dole.

What should the Imperial Government do?

The campaign for the sale of war savings certificates, culminating in the standard investment known as national savings certificates, was a success beyond the most sanguine financial hope, but it did not succeed merely because it was said to be a good thing. The Imperial Government made the people believe it was the right thing, the necessary thing, to do, and the people did it, and also increased the excellent moral habit of saving with profit. That campaign proved what can be done with public opinion if it is properly led. The campaign included advertising, posters, platform speeches, large public meetings addressed by the nation's greatest men and leaders of thought in every walk of life, labour and capital combined. It finally fixed public attention, galvanised opinion into action, and settled the result for a generation.

Just so must the Imperial Government revivify the spirit of work and even adventure for Empire's sake, and induce people of all classes, ages and creeds to take cognisance of their great heritage at home and oversea by peopling those vacant spaces with their own sons and daughters. It can be done. Let all return to the habit of working for a living, instead of looking for a dole without work of any kind, and in return the Dominions must give of their best.

Yet all this will avail little if the stream of emigration is not encouraged on the basis of love of Empire, and the saving grace of living within the limits of an ordinary income. Governments and peoples must jointly realise the need of immediate action.

We need another war—a war on *laissez-faire*.

American Glimpses*

IV.—Applied Art in America

By William A. Robson

Some hard things have been said, chiefly by American artists and writers, concerning American art and its deficiencies. Whatever may be the case with the fine arts, there are at least two forms of applied art in which American effort at its best easily surpasses that of any other country.

The first item is railway stations. The Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations in New York are magnificent specimens of creative art. The vast scale on which they have been conceived; the simplicity of line; the lofty spaciousness of the shimmering white marble halls; the classic cast of the proportions; the beautiful star-set chromatic ceilings; the skilful concealment of the paraphernalia of railroad locomotion, or its sublimation into harmonious forms—all these result in an artistic unity that in its own sphere is unsurpassed, and which is the outcome of a truly creative effort of high and original quality. But it is not only in New York that the stations merit attention. There is a fine example in Washington, another in Chicago, and more than one in the Spanish Mission style in Arizona and New Mexico.

Then there are bathrooms. No one who has not been to the United States can know how much artistic feeling can be thrown into the design and construction of a high-class bathroom; and in this respect America is following the tradition of the ancient Romans. The gleaming white of walls and ceiling and floor; the soft white glaze of porcelain and ivorine; the graceful line of bath and basin; the glow and gloss of nickel and glass; the reluctant translucency of lampshade and curtain, can at times produce an effect which may transform a bath from a mere utilitarian process into an æsthetic experience.

* Copyright U.S.A.

Osteopathy

By Major J. B. Paget

THE word "Osteopathy" conveys little or nothing at all to the average Englishman. The word itself is derived from two Greek words, "ὀστέον," bone, and "πάθος," affliction.

The Encyclopædia Britannica describes the practice of Osteopathy as a system of the healing art which regards the structural integrity and adjustment of the mechanism of the body as the most important single factor in maintaining the organism in health; in contrast with the older systems which regard the chemical intake of the body as the most important factor.

As probably there is great truth in both schools of thought, the best results are not likely to be obtained unless the two systems are combined; namely, right feeding and the Osteopathic teaching that structural derangement of the body is a predisposing cause of disease.

In the motor car, for example, any motorist knows that the best value cannot be got out of his car unless he puts the best petrol and oil into it, and unless the mechanical component parts are properly adjusted. This also applies to the human mechanism, and very few bodies of so-called civilised people are 100 per cent. perfect machines. Their skeleton, to use a military expression, is nearly always "out of the dressing" to a greater or less extent. The cause is in some cases hereditary; for instance, if a parent has a certain mal-formation of the backbone which predisposes to visceral disease, this often is handed on to a child; though, strangely enough, if this mal-formation is corrected in the parent before the birth of the child, the chances are that the child will not inherit the tendency. It may be suggested that this is a statement which cannot be proved, but as a matter of fact it can. Parents have had children who have inherited their mal-formation, and when their fault had been afterwards corrected by Osteopathy, the

younger children have been normal in this respect. Again, both parents may have perfect backbones, but the child before birth may have acquired a faulty structure. The backbone may also be injured at the time of birth, or after birth while the child is growing; either through a fall, through sitting or lying in an unnatural posture, or more often through mal-nutrition, caused by a faulty diet which does not allow the child's bones to obtain enough strength to carry the weight of the body. In the majority of cases, such a fault can be corrected during childhood, in a surprisingly short time; just as it is easy enough to train a sapling to grow straight. In the case of adults it is more difficult. In nine times out of ten they can be straightened up, but there is often a tendency to revert to the former unhealthy position; as in the case of a big tree, which can be gradually straightened through mechanical appliances but, if left to itself for any length of time, has a tendency to revert to the former angle. As the trunk is the important part of a tree, so in the human being the backbone is the most important. It will always be found that a person with a straight and normal backbone suffers from very little chronic ill-health. The reason for this is that the spinal column is made up of twenty-four separate bones hinged one to the other, with most delicately adjusted interstices arranged so as to give passage to important blood vessels and nerves running from and to the spinal cord and reaching to every portion of the body. Thirty-one pairs of nerves spring from the spinal cord, which is housed and protected by the vertebræ. There are only forty-five pairs of nerves in the whole body, so that the significance of the number attached immediately to the spine will be at once appreciated.

Osteopathy is practically a new and unknown healing art in England, but it has been practised since 1874 in the United States, where it was first discovered, and brought into prominence, by the late Dr. Still, a regular surgeon in the American Civil War. The Americans are quick on the uptake, and after rebuffs which are always met with from practitioners of older methods, they eventually recognised the new science; and steady progress was made on the lines advocated by Dr. Still, with the result that to-day in the United States and

Canada there are nearly ten thousand qualified Osteopaths, many of them being also qualified medical men. I should here explain that a qualified Osteopath is a man who has graduated through a recognised college of Osteopathy, in the same way that an M.D. qualifies by passing through a recognised college of medicine. That his training is just as severe and thorough may be seen from the fact that, to become an M.D. in the United States, a student must have devoted 4,170 hours to fundamental subjects in a medical college. An Osteopathic course of training requires 4,322 hours. The medical man further has to put in 349 hours in therapeutic subjects, and the Osteopath 430 hours.

In England, up to date, the Degree of Osteopathy is not officially recognised, there being no colleges over here from which an Osteopath can graduate; with the result that a number of more or less unqualified practitioners are able, within the law, to trade on the public's growing desire for Osteopathic treatment and term themselves doctors of Osteopathy. As can be well imagined, the chances are that these so-called Osteopaths will do a patient more harm than good. Laymen may naturally ask what reasonable proof there is that Osteopathy, even in capable and qualified hands, produces the results that are claimed for it. I would reply that the Clinic of Osteopathy at 12, Wigmore Street, London, W.1, has been in existence since 1921. In its infancy, of course, not many patients were treated, but the number has steadily grown and last year I believe that close on 6,000 treatments were given. I am informed by the Osteopath in charge, almost incredible as it may seem to ordinary practitioners and the lay public, that cures have been effected—to give only a few examples—in such various maladies as asthma, colitis, anæmia, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, heart, and even in blindness, when the eye is structurally sound but there is no sight. This seems an astounding statement to make, but I can cite one concrete case of a little boy about twenty months old, blind from birth, who had been to a number of the big London hospitals, where it was declared that nothing could be done for him. He was brought to the Clinic and on examination it was found that there was some

derangement of the vertebræ in some part of the neck which affected the eyes reflexly. This derangement of the vertebræ was corrected by manipulation, with the result that, within a month, the child began to see and made steady progress.

The medical profession of England are conservative, and rightly so; they prefer to look before they leap. I do not ask them to leap but only to *look* into Osteopathy. The most convenient way in which they (and I would also include the Press) could do so, would be by visiting the Clinic, examining the "case records," questioning present and past patients. If they give an honest verdict it will be that Osteopathy has added a new aid to the healing art.

The treatment is not unpleasant, takes about twenty minutes, and the patient, if suitably clothed, need not undress.

The number of qualified Osteopaths in England at the present time, unfortunately for the health of the nation, is limited. The present practitioners are broadminded men, anxious to do all they can to help suffering humanity, and they will gladly welcome qualified recruits to their ranks. That the reapers are inadequate to the harvest is shown by the fact that leading and well-known Osteopaths in London to-day are making anything up to £10,000 a year. I imagine that the ordinary young medical man thinks himself not unlucky if he nets a few hundreds a year. At present the only way he can become a qualified Osteopath is by taking his Degree on the other side of the Atlantic, where he would receive full credit for his medical knowledge.

In conclusion, I will quote what Sir Herbert Barker has lately written to the Press:—

> I certainly think, with Mr. William Streeter, that the Osteopaths in Great Britain have remained inactive in asserting their rights too long—far too long. Osteopathy, which has its magnificent colleges and schools in the United States of America, is still unrecognised in this country, to its shame and tremendous loss. The time is opportune for concerted action on the part of members of the Osteopathic profession, and I am convinced the Legislature and the people will give whole-hearted support to such a move.

Two Dreams and a Nightmare

By Horace Shipp

A Midsummer Night's Dream (Drury Lane)
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Old Vic)
The Vortex (Royalty, transferred from Everyman)

A FRIEND of mine used to go around England giving a lecture with the fascinating title, "What shall we do with Shakespeare?" I have forgotten his conclusions, but the recollection of his title comes to me because we have during the last month had the opportunity of seeing what at least two theatre managements would do with him. For the Dream—*the* Dream—has been presented as a super-production at Drury Lane, and also as part of the ordinary fare at the Old Vic. If we tune our harps in honour of the effort at Drury Lane it is probably on the principle long since established that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine that need no repentance, and our excitement over this return to Shakespeare at the theatre with the greatest English tradition is the excitement of welcoming the prodigal. Indeed, in the columns of this REVIEW, when Drury Lane and its present management were immersed in the banalities of *London Life*, we dared to indicate that if they needed melodrama, spectacle, the chance for acting and all else that Arnold Bennett had tried to supply in his play the way lay clearly open—back to Shakespeare. So after a lapse of more than ninety years we have *A Midsummer Night's Dream* back at the one theatre in London actually licensed to produce Shakespeare's work.

A cumulative Press campaign assured us of the richness of the production. One by one we saw the names announced of the stars who were being lured into the enchanted circle which Mr. Basil Dean was drawing, until nearly a score of the acceptedly first rank actors and actresses were listed; Fokine took the ballets in hand; George Harris, probably the most popular scene and costume designer in the London theatre, had the *décor*.

The spectacular Shakespeare to which the late Beerbohm Tree had accustomed us was to come again in full glory.

Whereat the highbrows—a discontented race—said that we were to have Shakespeare without the Bard, as they said it of Tree's productions, and listened, script in hand and pen poised to strike, for every line as written in the first folio. Missing lines there were; and we missed them, for the Dream is almost unalloyed loveliness, but happily we have learned a good deal about the method of playing Shakespeare since Tree's day, and the almost straightforward production with two short intervals gave us all but a negligible amount of the play. Let it be realised, nevertheless, that this production admittedly regarded the text of the play as one factor and not necessarily *the* factor. Mendelssohn's music, both that which he wrote for this play and some which he did not, was played through long interstices of Shakespeare's words; the exquisitely trained ballet gave lengthy evidence of their quality; the lighting did a complete dawn scene with Mendelssohnian accompaniment, and was enthusiastically applauded by an entranced audience.

And why not? The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a spectacle, if ever there was one. Without knowing exactly its origin, we can almost certainly assume that it was written for the marriage play of some great person of the spacious days, and that it was thus first performed with all the pomp and circumstance of such an occasion. Perhaps someone in the late sixteenth-century England sought as earnestly as Mr. Basil Dean must have sought for the best interpreters of the parts, attended to the dances for which the text made provision with all the enthusiasm of Michael Fokine, and, since centuries were to elapse before Mendelssohn's music was to wed itself to the lyrics and the mime of the play, some musician of that day must have given the best that was in him for the tunes and dances. There is, indeed, no play of Shakespeare's which more obviously justifies spectacular production. And if spectacle, then super-spectacle as a tribute of the stagecraft of to-day to Shakespeare's eternal workmanship.

That is not to say that one always agreed with what was done. The vast resources of the Drury Lane and its excellent technical equipment take away from the producer

the last vestige of excuse for whatever is wrong, so that when he stands an unnecessary and altogether inconsequent tiny child down at the footlights and completely destroys the balance of the elaborate stage picture, in order that the more sentimental of the groundlings may indulge in a long-drawn-out "O-o-oh!" we are able to blame him; and when Titania's bower opens like something in an old transformation scene we can blame Mr. Harris, as we can when the forest (save for the ingeniously planned floor levels) is conceived on the lines of a naturalism from which Barker's great production of the Dream should have saved it for ever. But over against this there were beautiful things: the bold drawing of the Quince's House scene, the lines of the final palace set, where the brilliant costumes stood out against the whiteness of walls and pillars.

The acting, with its galaxy of stars, was brilliant, yet in some respects disappointing. People whom one had seen carry a whole play on their individual shoulders had half-a-dozen lines, until one felt that it was a waste of, say, Alfred Clark that he should be playing a part which only the direst idiot could spoil. At moments the standard justified itself; I imagine that the quarrel between Hermia and Helena was never done with such fire as Athene Seyler and Edith Evans got into it, nor the workmen-actor scenes with more farce; certainly Titania never looked more lovely than Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies made her. And the importations from the Old Vic—Wilfred Walter as Bottom and Hay Petrie as Puck—shone undimmed in this West End firmament.

If there were a "but," indeed, it came when one heard the Old Vic people give the play. Here the weight of the production had to be borne by Shakespeare's verse, and on the lips of this company, trained upon and saturated in Shakespeare, the lines took fire and beauty. Every shade of the meaning, every cadence of the verse, every stress and pause, came out golden and clear. It is one sure path to beauty and effectiveness, and the Old Vic has taken it. I thought particularly that the Demetrius of Ronald Nicholson was a truly exquisite performance and feared the day when he would be seized to play dreary, modern drawing-room stuff on the West End stage, and would forget this golden-tongued speech of the poet. One other

performance of outstanding interest was the Bottom of George Hayes. For three parts of the play he managed to get the humour out of the plain characterisation without any of the falling-over-feet farce with which the plebeian Athenians are invariably played, and, great though the fun of the final scene is, one would willingly have lost a little of it for the experience of seeing the worker-actors played consistently as comedy-characters instead of farcical lunatics. The tradition of the palace scene was too strong, however, but still Mr. Hayes managed to make Bully Bottom an intelligent creature, and to get the last ounce of comedy from straight playing of his incorrigible self-importance and obstinacy. Tradition has it that Phelps played Bottom in this way, and one could wish to see a completed version in the temper in which George Hayes played all the early scenes, and much even of the last.

Since we have, of necessity, said much of the staging at Drury Lane, it is but fair to pay tribute to John Garside's settings at the Old Vic. His forest belongs to the beautiful things of modern theatre art; his costumes were finely conceived, he made a thing of loveliness with simple means.

If in the title of this article I have included what promises to be one of the most obstinate successes of the London theatrical season with an epithet which indicates its nature, it is in no sense a reflection upon Mr. Noel Coward's power as a dramatist. *The Vortex* is a nightmare, but a nightmare can be artistic, as Zola can prove on the one hand and Poe on the other. In the hands of Noel Coward the ugliness of life at the top of the social scale is converted into a demoniac dance of death. One almost fears that his awful picture of faithless and degenerate people will go down with all its convincing self-sufficiency as a portrait of our times. Civilisation and ultra-civilisation may be bad, but we can accuse Noel Coward's artistry of making it into this *crescendo* of horror with jazz accompaniment. Only at the last moment his demon courage forsakes him and his two main characters find a foothold even in this vortex. One is almost glad that he thus sacrifices his power to sentiment, else the play would be quite devastating. And one is tempted to wonder whether it is the artistic power or the artistic failure of the play which is taking all London to it.

Books.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN MY TOWER. By WALBURGA LADY PAGET. Hutchinson. 2 vols. 42*s*.

IN her latest book, named from the place of her Italian retirement near Florence, Lady Paget continues the story of her life told in *Embassies of Other Days*. She has much to say of scenery and life in all parts of Italy in the last decade of the nineteenth and the early years of the present century, and says it in easy unconventional style. As a devoted lover of animals she is much vexed by the brutality of the natives towards them, and makes strenuous and not altogether ineffectual efforts towards ameliorating their condition, interviewing the Pope and Cardinal Rampolla, and invoking the example of St. Francis. She expresses her opinion that the standard of Italian statesmanship had degenerated since the days when her husband was Ambassador at Rome. Among visitors at her Tuscan villa were Queen Victoria and Marie Corelli, and one of her neighbours was Ouida, for whom she obtained a pension from the British Government. She saw much also of Lord Rowton and Alfred Austin, and prints some characteristic letters received from the latter. From time to time Lady Paget revisited her home in Germany, and was several times at Berlin, where the late Kaiser made a favourable impression upon her. Without being aware of it, he was very English in all his ideas and likings, she avers. The ex-Ambassadress was intimate with the Wagner family, and gives an interesting account of their circle at Bayreuth. She kept up with her Austrian friends, but returned her portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph, during the Great War, and identified herself thoroughly with her husband's country during the South African struggle. Whilst in England Lady Paget was not infrequently in the society of the then Mr. Balfour, and constantly met the late George Wyndham, who struck her as "very French." She had entertained Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in Italy when returning from his South African tour, and we meet her in these pages as his guest at Highbury, crystal-gazing in company with Mr. (Lord) Haldane. Among other entertaining passages in the book are an appreciation of Henry Labouchere and some amusing anecdotes of that curious personage, the late Wilfrid Blunt, whose foot was in every camp. These volumes deserved a more adequate index than that with which they have been equipped, but have some attractive illustrations.

BIOGRAPHY.

ELEONORA DUSE: THE STORY OF HER LIFE. By JEANNE BORDEUX. Hutchinson. 21*s*.

SUCCESSFUL biography demands a claim to attention on the part of the subject linked with a power of collecting and presenting facts and a nicely judicial mind, on the part of the biographer. Of the Duse as a subject for biography there can be no doubt. Not only did she achieve world fame in what is probably the most personal of all

the arts, but her life, from the strange birth in a railway carriage near Vigevano, through its struggles, its miseries, its wild romances and passionate affairs to that almost tragic death in a hideous American city, contains more matter than any work of fiction. Of the claim of her biographer on this occasion there is more doubt. Certainly she has the outstanding one that Duse herself wished her to undertake the labour of love, and with this the inestimable advantage of access to and knowledge of the facts. If she does not altogether succeed, therefore, it is in her power of presenting them. Perhaps it is that she, as a Latin dealing with this matter so surcharged with temperament, tends to make it all too hysterical and so lose the sense of values. One gets a picture of the Duse in ceaseless vacillation between torture and triumph. Doubtless her genius gave her less repose than is accorded to most of us, but the fever is aggravated by the style and method of Jeanne Bordeux. Nevertheless, it remains as the conscientious record of a marvellous—one uses the word with its full meaning—personality, and the numerous illustrations of Duse and her friends add to its value as record.

THE LIFE OF JAMES ELROY FLECKER. By GERALDINE HODGSON, LITT.D. Blackwell. 12*s.* 6*d.*

"WHAT porridge had John Keats?" queried Browning, and throughout the pages of this biography Geraldine Hodgson has left us in no doubt upon such matters in reference to Flecker. The material of the book, one judges, has been supplied from papers and information collected by his mother. The volume has, therefore, the value of authenticity and completeness, but the intimacy of the relationship considerably interferes with a universal sense of values. Whatever we may think of Flecker as an artist, this book reveals him as being surprisingly average as a boy and young man, and when his biographer cites as interesting the fact that the boy was thrilled by the phenomena of trains and signals, or quotes his schoolboy correspondence onwards from a telegram: "Arrived safe. Please send eggs and jam," we tend to close the book and re-read the dozen or so first-rate poems which are our real concern with him. Geraldine Hodgson has written an Epilogue upon his work which is important, and there is, of course, a deal of matter throughout the book of greater significance than the more unfortunate examples here quoted.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

IS UNEMPLOYMENT INEVITABLE? Macmillan. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS is a further valuable contribution by the authors of *The Third Winter of Unemployment*, published in 1923. In this present book they have gone a step further and have endeavoured to arrive at some estimate of the trend and scope of future trade, which of course is the governing factor in the index of unemployment, both internationally and as relating to this country.

Having set out by asking the question whether unemployment is inevitable, they answer it, arrestingly enough, by stating that there must be, in normal times, when trade is neither good nor bad, a con-

stant residue of 2½ per cent. of the working population unemployed—only to be absorbed in those years when trade is abnormally good—and in addition they make allowance for a second 2½ per cent. due to seasonal causes, local movements of industry, changes in methods, and increasing age. These two percentages give a normal figure of unemployment of 400,000 to 500,000 persons, to which must be added, to make up our present total of a million unemployed, a surplus of 500,000, whilst bearing in mind that the annual rate of increase in the Labour market is about 90,000 males and 30,000 females.

If, therefore, we accept the authors' conclusions that a residue of 500,000 unemployed is an inevitable concomitant of our national industrial system—to provide for whom they suggest a more or less direct charge on the industries intimately concerned—we are then faced with the problem of how to increase the volume of our external and internal trade so as to absorb, in normal years, our present surplus of 500,000, together with the annual increases in the Labour market.

The authors are of the opinion that international trade is likely to show a marked improvement in the near future, and they base this view on the energetic efforts now being made to settle still undeveloped areas of the world and to the probability of a rise in the present low standard of living among the teeming millions of China, India, and Japan. As to the future relative position of Great Britain and her trade rivals in the markets of the world—which question is at present causing anxiety to many of our greatest industrialists—they take a favourable and optimistic view. But, although they are pretty sure that to Great Britain will fall an adequate share of the benefits of this increased trade, yet they suggest that at least there can be no harm in a certain measure of "putting the house in order." First and foremost, they urge that "there must be as large a production as possible for every £1 of wages paid. That is the first essential of future industrial prosperity." After that they point out the desirability of constant attention being given to efficient technical education (although they own that Great Britain does not lag behind her competitors in this respect), and the need of more regular and up-to-date publication, and more general dissemination, of useful economic information, in regard to which we compare badly with the United States, for instance.

By such means, then, they consider that our present surplus of unemployed may be wiped off. We have left on our hands a permanent residue of half a million. It is a heavy burden.

LETTERS OF THE KING OF HANOVER TO VISCOUNT STRANGFORD. With an Historical Note by E. M. COX, and an Introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY. Williams and Norgate. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE writer of these letters was the fifth son of King George III. of England, and is generally admitted to have been the ablest of his numerous family. Previous to his accession as Ernest I. of Hanover in 1837, he had been known as Duke of Cumberland and had gained some reputation as a cavalry officer in the revolutionary war. But he had also become notorious as a violent Tory, exercising strong influence over his brother George both when Regent and King, and was personally very unpopular in England. Some of this odium was doubtless

undeserved and due as much to his qualities as to his defects. His correspondence, from 1839 till his death in 1851, with the ex-diplomatist, Lord Strangford, reveals a man of strong sense, clear head, and great decision, but of limited sympathies and narrow views. It is probably of more value for its picture of the political condition of Germany in the revolutionary upheaval of the mid-nineteenth century than for its criticism of English affairs. Ernest I. managed to bring his own kingdom safely through the storm of '48 without compromising his position, and for some time exercised an appreciable influence over the weak King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, whom he claimed to have dissuaded from accepting the Imperial crown offered by the Assembly of Frankfurt. But he himself was a straightforward upholder of the settlement of 1815, was strongly averse from the division of Germany into north and south, and did his utmost to preserve the balance between Austria and Prussia, with a decided bias towards the former. He is justly contemptuous of the vapid windiness of Teuton politicians and the shiftiness of Prussian policy, but his panacea for German unity was simply war with France. On English politics he addressed admonitions to Wellington and Lyndhurst with a view to greater Tory vigour, but apparently got little or no response. To the King of Hanover, Peel was "that accursed apostate and traitor," and as to the Whigs, "Palmerston is up to anything." A strong Protestant, the letter-writer is all for "No Popery," even Russell not being a firm enough defender of the Establishment for him. The admission of Jews to Parliament is anathema, the Protectionist Lord George Bentinck's support of it causing great disappointment. (The name of Disraeli, it is to be noted, does not occur in the letters any more than that of Bismarck.) Jealousy of his lost influence at the English Court inspires in the writer very harsh criticism of Prince Albert and even of Queen Victoria. The title of Consort he will "never allow" to "this Fool," who is accused, in his German visit of 1845, of being "full of pretensions and totally ignorant of the common usages of the world." He is also blamed for the Spanish Marriage fiasco, the visit to Louis Philippe coming in for unmeasured condemnation. Yet Guizot, strangely enough, is termed "the main means of keeping peace in Europe." The Tory Foreign Secretary, Aberdeen, is accused of *gaucherie* during a visit to the Continent, and even Wellington and Lyndhurst are regarded by this Die Hard as lukewarm in the good cause. We are told that in 1845 smoking was "more predominant" in England than on the Continent; the King of Hanover himself never allowed anyone to smoke in his house, though when out shooting he indulged in it, "to keep my hands warm." The Historical Note is adequate, and Mr. Whibley's Introduction as perspicuous as usual, though perhaps over-sympathetic; but the annotations are perfunctory.

FICTION.

RAGTIME. By ERNEST PASCAL. Brentano. *7s. 6d.* net.

MR. PASCAL'S is an excellent theme—roughly, the jazz spirit evoked by the dazzle of the dollar, and its deplorable effect upon America's

æsthetics and morals. He chooses music as the central strand of his yarn and a young composer of genius and high ideals as his hero, but a wide range of ragtime developments comes within his ambit: Greenwich Village bohemianism, the call of wealth and its social consequences —things *versus* sincerity. The book is, in fact, one of those chastisements from which its subjects are likely to derive a Sadic pleasure, for its sincerity is tinged with sensationalism. The hero is twice betrayed by women for whom he has sacrificed the fine edge of his artistic devotion, kills his wife's seducer, and, as a crowning infamy, is saved from the Chair by a ragtime lawyer with a political pull. All very distressing—particularly the second fall of the forgiven wife—so that one is almost glad when the hero stops a German bullet and the story. The subject is worth fuller and further development, with more irony and less psychology.

POLITICS.

A Handbook for Anti-Socialists. Boswell Printing and Publishing Co. 2*s.* net.

As its title implies, this little book is designed to be of assistance to anti-Socialist candidates, canvassers, and speakers generally. It sets forth, in a concise and vigorous way, a very large number of facts and figures relative to the Labour, Socialist, and Communist movements. It shows, for instance, the vast expenditure of the Labour Research Department during the great railway strike, and gives illuminating figures illustrating the magnitude of the defeatist efforts of the I.L.P. during the last two years of the war. Also valuable are some notes of a lecture by Mrs. Nesta Webster, in which she makes clear the meaning of Socialism—about which too many people are extremely hazy. Altogether a most useful book for the object that the compilers had in view.

SOCIOLOGY.

Equality and Fraternity. By Douglas Macleane Allen and Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Canon Macleane makes no secret of his love for "The constant service of the antique world," but he is no reactionary. An acrid common sense distinguishes and enlivens his utterances. In twenty-two essays he elaborates his theme with the aid of an agile mind and of countless ancient and modern instances. There are few modern tendencies he does not analyse, and many of them come off decidedly the worse. He exposes very convincingly the phantom character of some Utopias, and he demonstrates (in a manner likely to be very unpalatable indeed to those who disagree) the sometimes obscured truism that too many captains spoil the ship. In short, the Canon does not accept formulæ without examination. And withal he has the sympathy and understanding of "the true God's priest." We particularly recommend Chapter IX. for perusal in certain quarters. Here it is pointed out how unsatisfactory a formula, even as an ideal, is "equality of opportunity," and how man's history has not so far shown that rare talent has its best chance of recognition under a democracy. The autocrat has his uses.

BOOKS

TRAVEL.

ADVENTURES IN TRIPOLI. By ERNEST H. GRIFFIN, D.S.O., M.C. Philip Allan. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE value of Dr. Griffin's account of his experiences in Tripolitana lies in his intimate description of the country and its Turkish and Arab inhabitants. Actually, the author was attached to a Red Crescent Hospital during the war between Turkey and Italy fourteen years ago, but, owing to the fact that the Turkish troops evacuated the province soon after his arrival there, he transferred his attentions to the Arab Irregulars. It is in his vivid pictures of the Tripolitan desert, of the pains and delights of camel-travelling, of friendly sheiks and hostile Tuareg marauders, that the principal attraction of the book lies. The student of military history will turn to more serious volumes for a study of the campaign; the general reader will find much in Dr. Griffin's book to interest and inform him.

VERSE.

POETRY. Vol. VII., No. 67, November-December, 1924. Merton Press. 2*s.* net.

LIVING POETS OF SOMERSET. SOME YORKSHIRE POETS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF TO-DAY. Edited by S. FOWLER WRIGHT. Merton Press. 3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* net each.

LINKED FANTASIES. By MORTIMER DURAND. Merton Press. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

How many of the poems that one reads does one remember? How much of the brimming cornucopia of present-day verse will anyone remember? And if the answer be, "Perhaps one poem in a hundred thousand," what is the good of it all? It depends, perhaps, on whether the making of verse, which verily has no end, has an aim—that of exercising the mental faculties by the craft involved. Given this aim, then verse-production—scientific versecraft—is all to the good, for there is no better mental exercise. It helps one to write better and to judge more truly of the writings of others.

This number of *Poetry* is full of accomplished things—although some of them bear too apparent traces of ancestor-worship. *Hipparion*, by Douglas English, is a powerful piece of work, and a little poem by W. H. Davies shines out. The prize competition should attract wide notice.

The two county anthologies are shadowed for us by the doubt we have just ventured to half express. We find in them much to admire, but little to remember. They contain plenty of verse that would be sure of applause if signed by the poets who are applauded. Here and there we note evidences of a defective ear, of an over-fondness for the outworn adjective. On the whole, we think that Yorkshire has it.

MR. Durand has vigour and considerable skill. He should prune more. His book is nicely illustrated.

Life on a South African Farm

South Africa is an uncommonly attractive country, everybody likes it; and the settler, if he have a moderate capital and the resolution to make the most of his resources, can lead a full life there in farming.

Working in the sunshine every day, out of doors, in a glorious climate, among trees, crops or animals, is a compensation for much. The pure uncontaminated air of the veld—which puts new life into a man; the wide horizons and spaciousness of a country on the grand scale; the sunny days and starry nights, and the home-like, often picturesque, countryside, once known is not quickly forgotten or easily foregone. And at the end of the day's work the settler has his horse and dogs, sometimes a little shooting, general amenities within reason, and neighbours of his own class and tastes.

Cotton-growing is on the way to become a source of great wealth to South Africa. More and better wool than ever is being produced, and the sheep farmers are comfortable. Choice fruits, especially oranges, grapes, peaches, pears and plums, are increasingly exported at good prices. Poultry farming is making big strides, South African eggs having now an excellent reputation and market. And equally heartening is the position in dairying and the growing of various field crops.

Full particulars about farming as a career may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of High Commissioner for Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Write for Explanatory Farm Book "S.D." (300 pages). It is free.

Cotton Growing in South Africa

By

Robert L. Lowy

On page 273.

Empire Notes

Dominions and Foreign Policy

THE publication of the correspondence with the Dominion Governments on the subject of the Labour Government's proposal for a conference to discuss the problem of intra-Empire consultation and the lack of enthusiasm displayed oversea in regard to the present British Government's invitation to a conference to discuss the Geneva Protocol are additional indications of the need for devising some workable method of consultation that does not involve frequent journeys to London by the Prime Ministers of the self-governing States of the Empire. It has been pointed out in Canada that no British Prime Minister has ever visited the Dominions during his term of office, and that it is almost as difficult for Dominion Prime Ministers to make periodical visits of long duration to the Mother Country. The *Winnipeg Free Press* suggests that

Canada should have a diplomatic agent in London and Great Britain a similar representative in Canada, apart altogether from the Governor-General, who should be Viceroy and nothing else. "What the [British] Commonwealth obviously needs," says the *Free Press*, "is its own diplomatic machinery enabling the Governments to keep in ready touch one with another." Australia has made an effort to improve the existing system of consultation by appointing Mr. R. G. Casey as a special representative attached to the office of the High Commissioner, whose duties will be to maintain permanent contact with the Cabinet and the Foreign and Colonial Offices. It is possible that an extension of this plan will prove to be the most satisfactory solution of present difficulties in regard to intra-Empire consultation.

Gold Basis in South Africa

Gold payments are to be resumed by South Africa from July 1st, the Union Government having decided to adopt the recommendations to this effect of the Currency Commission which studied this question. Doubtless the recent improvement in the sterling-dollar exchange and the prospect of an early return to the gold basis in Great Britain had an important influence on the Currency Commission, since isolated action in this direction by South Africa would have an injurious effect on the Union's power to export unless the British pound and the dollar were practically at parity. On the advice of the Currency Commission the South African Reserve Bank has initiated a more active policy by buying £500,000 worth of gold from the mines, which it proposes to mint at Pretoria, and by announcing its intention of issuing trade bills at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Trade bills have not hitherto been in use to any extent in the Union, business having been done by means of overdrafts at $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. compound interest. This innovation may have important consequences.

A Greater South Africa

The incorporation of Swaziland and part or the whole of the Bechuanaland Protectorate in the Union of South Africa has been much discussed of late. During the visit of Mr. Thomas, the late Colonial Secretary, a deputation of white residents in the Bechuanaland Protectorate urged the transfer to the Union or Southern Rhodesia of the Tati and Tuli areas

and the strip along the railway, and Swaziland farmers have recently interviewed General Hertzog to press for the incorporation of that native territory in the Union. It seems likely that the Union Government will discuss the matter with the Colonial Office in the near future. So far there has been little indication of the views of the native inhabitants of the protectorates, and although it would seem to be inevitable that sooner or later these areas will form part of a greater South Africa, there is good reason for doubting whether, particularly in the case of Bechuanaland, native opinion would be favourable to an early transfer of the territories from direct Imperial administration to that of the Union. No mention has been made of the third native protectorate—Basutoland—in this connection, and it is certain that the Basutos would object strongly to incorporation in the Union, though the anomaly of a native enclave, completely surrounded by the Union but administered by the Colonial Office, is not the least difficult of the unsolved problems of South Africa. It is possible that as a first step the eastern part of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, in which all the white inhabitants reside, and Swaziland will pass under Union control, leaving the fate of the greater part of Bechuanaland and Basutoland to be decided at some future date.

Southern Rhodesia and Beira

Two important matters were referred to by Sir Henry Birchenough, one of the directors of the British South Africa Company, during the discussion that followed the interesting address on Southern Rhodesia given by Sir Francis Newton, High Commissioner for that Colony, to the Royal Colonial Institute on January 13th. Sir Henry Birchenough announced that the Beit Trustees were proposing to send to Rhodesia trained experts to make a first survey as to what should be the development of further means of communication for Rhodesia in respect of railways and all other forms of transport. In regard to the port of Beira, he thought they were on the eve of coming to an amicable arrangement by which the Portuguese would develop the port on good lines. It is very satisfactory to learn that the policy of close co-operation between the port authorities and the Rhodesian rail-

way companies, which has recently appeared to be in jeopardy, is likely to be continued, since any friction in regard to the development of what is the natural outlet for both the Rhodesias would have had very deleterious consequences to all interests. There has been a good deal of nervousness displayed in Southern Rhodesia lately in regard to the position at Beira, which Sir Henry Birchenough's statement will do much to allay. It is to be hoped that a definite announcement that complete agreement has been reached will soon follow.

Antiquity of Indian Civilisation

MANY remarkable finds have been made by archæologists since the war, and among the most interesting are those that have recently been reported from the Indus valley. With comparatively unimportant exceptions, archæological evidence of the antiquity of civilisation in India has hitherto been lacking for periods anterior to the Buddhist era. The new discoveries at sites 400 miles apart in the Indus valley—Harappa in the Punjab and Larkhana in Sind—made by two Indian officers of the Indian Archæological Department, afford evidence of a widespread, highly developed civilisation, which appears to have affinities, and was possibly contemporaneous, with the Sumerian civilisation in Southern Mesopotamia of the third or fourth millennium B.C. Sir John Marshall, the Director-General of Archæology in India, according to *The Times*, regards it as a reasonable hypothesis that India may have been the cradle of the Sumerian civilisation. Among the massively built houses and temples of burnt brick that have been brought to light were found seals bearing inscriptions in a hitherto unknown pictographic script, for the interpretation of which the material available is not yet adequate. In view of the extent and varied character of the discoveries already made, very interesting developments may be expected to follow further digging in this region. If Mr. Mitchell Hedges is able to produce convincing evidence in support of his opinion that the great Maya city discovered by him in British Honduras really dates back to at least 3500 B.C., the New World as well as the Old will have provided material that will necessitate much revision of ideas.

Cotton Growing in South Africa

By Robert L. Lowy

"Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."—JONATHAN SWIFT.

IT is a curious economic fact that the past twelve months, which brought an apparent excess rather than a shortage of cotton, should have witnessed also a striking awakening of public interest in the problem of stimulating the production of Empire-grown cotton. This phenomenon is to be warmly welcomed, primarily, of course, from the point of view of Imperial policy, which aims at the greatest possible measure of commercial and industrial independence and inter-dependence, but it is none the less gratifying from a more cosmopolitan standpoint, because it implies a recognition of the convalescence of the world after the upheaval caused by the Great War.

In 1914, on the eve of this well-nigh universal disturbance, the late Mr. J. W. McConnel, then Chairman of the Fine Spinners' and Doublers' Association, and one of the foremost cotton trade experts, had arrived at the conclusion that the world required a substantial annual increase in the supply of cotton. A careful examination of all the factors led him to estimate these annual additional requirements at a minimum of 750,000 bales.* A progressive increase of this magnitude was regarded as being almost impossible, even if the war had not occurred.

The question will, however, be asked to what extent the war has affected the general cotton situation. Europe is very much poorer, and many millions of people have been compelled to adopt a materially lower standard of living. Nevertheless, Mr. McConnel in 1921 discredited the idea that the fundamental factors governing the consumption of cotton had undergone a considerable change. It supplies the principal clothing of the world, and it must not be overlooked that the bulk of the people in Asia and Africa have not been seriously impoverished by the war. Moreover, the consumption of cotton for other purposes tends to increase, as a substitute for or imitation of wool, silk, flax, and leather. The motor tyre industry is absorbing ever-growing quantities, and manufacturers of explosives obtain a very pure form of cellulose from cotton.

* Throughout this article one bale denotes 500 lb.

Just prior to the war the annual consumption approximated 21,500,000 bales. In the first year of peace, 1919, consumption of cotton underwent naturally a sensational expansion, the world's cotton mills absorbing 23,121,000 bales. This over-production told the inevitable tale, and by 1921 the world's mills consumed only 19,118,000 bales. Since then trade has improved steadily, the corresponding figure for 1922 being 19,335,000, for 1923 21,393,000, and for 1924 21,975,000 bales. Taking the world's crop returns for the corresponding seasons, it is seen that, while for 1918-19 the world's crop was more than 2,000,000 bales short of consumption, the position was reversed in 1921-22, when crops exceeded the 1922 consumption by 2,600,000 bales; twelve months later the excess was only slightly more than 2,000,000 bales, and in the 1923-24 season it had fallen to about 1,400,000 bales.

The gradual restoration of the purchasing power of Central Europe, and the prospect of the ultimate re-entry of Russia into the world's cotton markets, confirm the late Mr. McConnel's view that increased supplies of this commodity will be needed in the not distant future. New sources of supplies cannot be rendered available without careful study and preparations extending over a period of years. It has to be borne in mind, moreover, that, excepting years yielding abnormally large crops, as in the season 1923-24, American mills are consuming a steadily growing percentage of the United States crop. As Mr. W. H. Himbury, of the British Cotton Growing Association, pointed out in a paper read in June last before the Empire Textile Conference at Wembley, the United States consumed in the years 1901 to 1905 about 36 per cent. of their total commercial crop; in the season 1921-22 this had risen to 55 per cent., and twelve months later above 61 per cent.

The relatively wide fluctuations in the yield of the United States cotton crops are a serious drawback from the point of view of the ability of British yarns and cloths to compete successfully and maintain their position in the world's markets, and this must therefore make for uncertainty of employment in our cotton industry.

The immense importance of this industry is possibly imperfectly appreciated outside Lancashire and other closely interested quarters. English cotton mills gave employment in 1924 to no fewer than 630,000 hands, and it is more likely an underestimate to place the total number of direct and indirect dependents on this industry in Great

Britain at 1,500,000 men, women and children. This includes the employment given, by raw cotton imports and by exports of cotton products, to the various forms of transport services, to merchants and their staffs, and to all the subsidiary branches of commercial enterprise connected with cotton. Last year Great Britain imported about 2,700,000 bales, as compared with normal pre-war imports of about 4,000,000, but at the relatively high average price of, say, 18*d*. per pound, imports in 1924 were worth at least £100,000,000, and the complete Board of Trade returns issued last month place the value actually at £121,500,000. It is perhaps a fair presumption that four-fifths of British cotton manufactures are exported, and on this basis last year's total cotton exports, again taking the official Board of Trade figure of £199,300,000, would represent a total manufacture equal to, say, £250,000,000. The difference of £150,000,000 between the value of imported raw cotton and the finished products, made for home consumption and export, may be taken to be the profit which Great Britain derived last year from this staple industry, and naturally the bulk of this profit comes under the head of working costs, principally wages of operatives.

The increasing requirements on the part of American mills, coupled with the uncertain yields from plantations in the Southern States, would in themselves have constituted a warning to the heads of Lancashire's staple industry, even if that terrible insect pest, known as the boll-weevil, were not almost universally prevalent in the American cotton fields. Plentiful United States crops have for some years past become an exceptional rather than a normal occurrence, and it must be regarded, therefore, as a wise precautionary measure that some of the foremost men associated with the British cotton industry are co-operating in the promotion of cotton growing within the Empire. The most important problem which confronted, and still faces, Lancashire cotton merchants and manufacturers is the question of the ability of tropical or sub-tropical territories under the British flag to supply, within measurable time, one, two, or possibly three million bales of cotton equal in utility to the staple crop of the United States. Wider geographical distribution brings in its train a more widely distributed risk of insufficient or excessive rainfall or untimely frosts, and it also minimises the danger of political or labour troubles in one or the other cotton-growing country interfering with the supply of cotton.

There are, fortunately, quite a number of British dominions and dependencies whose climate, soil, labour and transport conditions should enable them to build up a cotton-growing industry on a permanent, profitable basis. Apart from India, which furnishes little cotton of use to mills in the Mother Country, the Empire produces annually at present only a very small quantity of this commodity, almost certainly less than 200,000 bales, but the progress, under the auspices of the voluntary bodies established to encourage cotton growing under the British flag, has been more rapid than was the case in the early days of this industry in the United States.

There are undoubtedly large areas in the Union of South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, and in adjacent British territories, where climate, soil, and the supply of native labour augur well for the extension of cotton growing. In some of the most promising districts transport facilities are as yet deficient, but these will certainly be provided if individual farmers or joint-stock enterprises prove to the authorities that new railways or motor roads can rely upon more or less regular freights at rates which yield a fair return upon the necessary capital expenditure. By the great majority of stay-at-home Britons, South Africa is still best known for its mineral wealth; it is, of course, true that South African exports of gold and diamonds greatly exceed in value the exports of wool, maize, fruit, wines and other agricultural products. During the year which has just closed the Transvaal gold mining industry yielded a record output, which opens up the prospects of a return of general prosperity throughout the Union of South Africa; but it is a well-worn axiom that mines of every kind are a wasting asset. On this subject it may be timely to recall the opinion of Sir William Willcocks, the engineer who, by means of the Assouan Dam, saved Egyptian agriculture and established a unique reputation as irrigation expert. Sir William Willcocks was called in by Lord Milner as long ago as 1901 to examine the agricultural possibilities of South Africa, and wrote:—

> The mineral wealth of the Transvaal is extraordinarily great, but it is exhaustible, some say within the space of fifty, others within the space of a hundred, years. It would be a disaster, indeed, for the country, if none of this wealth were devoted to the development of its agriculture. Agricultural development is slow, but it is permanent and knows of no exhaustion.

This opinion applies to-day no longer only to the four provinces of the Union of South Africa, but with equal

force to Rhodesia. Both these self-governing colonies are fortunate in possessing statesmen and industrial leaders who are equally ready to seize the opportunities of the future as those of the present. If the South African cotton industry fulfils the promises of to-day thanks will be due to the far-sighted initiative of General Smuts, Sir Lionel Phillips, Sir Abe Bailey, Sir Henry Strakosch, and Mr. R. A. Rouillard, who are to-day co-operating with the officials of the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation, a non-commercial organisation which is teaching Governments and cotton growers throughout the Empire how to walk and what pitfalls to avoid. This Corporation sent out one of its leading experts, Mr. G. F. Keatinge, to make a tour of the Union of South Africa during the five months ended March, 1923. His report is both full and cautious, and his conclusions may be briefly summarised in the words:—

In the main cotton belt of South Africa, conditions for cotton growing are very good, and should enable the farmers to compete on favourable terms with the American grower.

Production of cotton in the Union has increased from less than 100 bales in 1913 to about 6,000 bales in 1924 (the final figures being not yet available). The least desirable varieties of the product have been gradually eliminated, until now principally varieties of the Upland type are grown, all being very similar in quality, and, as the chief of the official "Cotton Division" at Pretoria reports, the lint more or less of the same value. Slightly differing soil and climatic conditions are responsible for variations, but in the main the aim has been achieved to establish a medium, long staple of about 1 3-16 inch, which allows of some deterioration, but still gives the farmer a product which will realise a premium of 100 to 300 points (1*d*. to 3*d*. per pound) over middling American.

Strict measures are being enforced to prevent the introduction of the two most serious cotton pests—the pink boll-worm and the boll-weevil—into South Africa, where the existing insect pests do not constitute a menace to the extension of the industry. As regards the yield, at Rustenburg (west of Pretoria), the only official experimental station, crops of seed cotton varied during seven years from 268 to 1,182 pounds per acre, but a careful farmer in the same district obtained in a good season as much as 1,400 pounds per acre on ten acres, while in the main cotton belt, in the East Lydenburg district (locally known

as the land "below the berg"), in the Eastern Transvaal, yields of 900 pounds of seed cotton per acre are fairly common. Taking South Africa as a whole, Mr. Keatinge considered that 500 to 600 pounds of seed cotton (150 to 200 pounds of lint) may be regarded as a safe estimate. Commercial and co-operative ginneries are not yet sufficiently widely established to ensure the most economical treatment of seed cotton in all districts, but since extensive, promising areas are not as yet regular producers, it is only natural that in some cases seed cotton has at present to be sent some hundreds of miles for ginning; this is, however, a common experience in new cotton countries.

The arrangements for financing the cotton crops of individual growers are still defective, but the South African Land Bank and some smaller local institutions are less conservative than the two principal South African banks, which will, however, not fail in their duty to the new industry when it is established on a permanent, profitable footing. The question of profits can best be answered in the light of the experience of the largest producer of raw cotton in the Union of South Africa, Mr. Rouillard's Candover estates in Northern Natal and in the north of Zululand. With cotton selling in Texas at 7½*d.* per pound, the American farmer (according to the most trustworthy statistics furnished by Mr. John A. Todd, a leading expert) cannot grow at a profit, while with cotton at the same price at Vryheid, Natal, a large grower can make a profit of 25*s.* per acre. It has been estimated, on the basis of actual experience, that a South African producer could put cotton on the Liverpool market at 6*d.* per pound, and that every additional penny meant a profit of £1 per acre.

The leading consideration for the farmer, in South Africa and elsewhere, is invariably: how does one crop compare with another from the point of view of profit-earning? Maize (Indian corn) has in the past been the staple agricultural crop in the districts which are suitable for cotton cultivation in South Africa. A bag of 200 pounds of maize is a fair average crop, and is worth about 10*s.*, while 200 pounds of cotton (lint) are worth £10. In the low country of the Transvaal a farmer went so far as to say that if he could get 2½*d.* per pound for seed cotton (representing, including overseas charges, 9½*d.* per pound of lint in Liverpool) it was much more profitable to grow cotton than maize. Native labour for agricultural pursuits is cheap and almost everywhere plentiful, but

it requires white supervision, which may become more effective under a system of closer settlement, coupled with land purchase on "easy" terms.

Among the causes retarding progress must be mentioned bad roads in agricultural districts and the slow extension of railways. As the cotton industry expands the authorities, especially General Hertzog's Administration, which has its most numerous supporters among the farmers, will not be found backward in linking up cotton areas with the ports. A crop of even ten times the figure secured in 1924 would scarcely justify a vast programme of roadmaking or railway construction. Ultimately, as Mr. Keatinge reported, cotton production in the Union of South Africa may be stimulated to the extent of half a million, and possibly a million, bales, but this must necessarily prove a slow process. The most promising districts are undoubtedly the Rustenburg-Waterberg area, the Lombobo flats in the Eastern Transvaal, East Swaziland, Zululand, the Spelonken area in the Northern Transvaal, and the Acornhoek district, north-west of Komatipoort.

For a number of years experimental cotton cultivation has been carried on in Southern Rhodesia, and good results have been secured in the Hartley district, Mazoe, Lomagundi, Makoni, Gwelo, Victoria, Darwin, Mrewa, Bulawayo, Bubi, and Nyamandhlovu. Almost everywhere the Rhodesian farmer combines maize-growing or tobacco or general crop production with cotton, which enables operations to be pursued throughout the year, and yields better profits by the utilisation of bye-products and employing arable lands in rotation. From this point of view cotton is almost an ideal crop, as the roots strike deeply and help to break up the soil. Native labour for cultivation and picking is also, in Rhodesia, cheap and abundant, adult natives earning 20*s*. per month, plus food, which for the same period should not exceed 5*s*. per head if maize is grown and cattle ranching carried on by the same farmer.

The results obtained from cotton plantations cultivated on a commercial scale have proved sufficiently remunerative to encourage an increase in the acreage under cotton during the present year to about 70,000 acres, and the latest reports as to planting conditions permit of optimistic estimates of the 1925 crop. Naturally, over these widely distant and widely varying areas, nothing approaching uniformity of results can be expected, but with careful management the Mazoe Valley yielded last season, from

a 35-acre block owned by Sir Francis Newton, the first High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia in London, 35,848 pounds of seed cotton, or at the rate of slightly over 300 pounds of lint per acre. On Rhodesian farms within easy distance of a railway a yield of 200 pounds of lint returns a good profit, but, generally speaking, transport facilities will have to be provided on a much more generous and better scale before Southern Rhodesia can become a large producer of cotton. For immediate requirements a sufficient number of ginneries are available, and it is extremely probable that further ginning machinery will be provided by some of the big land companies as soon as a suggested combine of suitable cotton lands under expert management can be effected.

The principal obstacle in the path of a more rapid expansion of cotton growing in Southern Rhodesia is the small number of white settlers. A purely native cotton industry is not practical politics except after some years of preliminary instruction by white overseers or farmers. The latter are far too busily occupied with their own estates to engage in pioneer work for the benefit of natives. Mr. Keatinge, who had naturally none of the so-called prejudices which enter into the views of South Africans when they discuss the problems of the coloured races, accepted as a practical proposition the view expressed to him by everyone on the spot that the time is not ripe for natives to take up cotton growing, and when this development comes it will come very slowly.

There remains the question of encouraging the immigration of white men, preferably with their families, by withdrawing some of the restrictions which at present prevent the flow of physically suitable but poor men, more especially from Great Britain. Assisted immigration of the best type of unemployed, if found suitable for agricultural work in Rhodesia, coupled with liberal financial aid for new settlers in that Colony, is a vast subject in itself. When the experimental farm at Gatooma, in the Hartley district of Southern Rhodesia, will be in a position to accommodate and teach a large number of new would-be cotton growers, it will be time to elaborate an ambitious scheme of this nature. For to-day it is enough to know that Great Britain's youngest self-governing Colony would be a promising field for this vast social experiment.